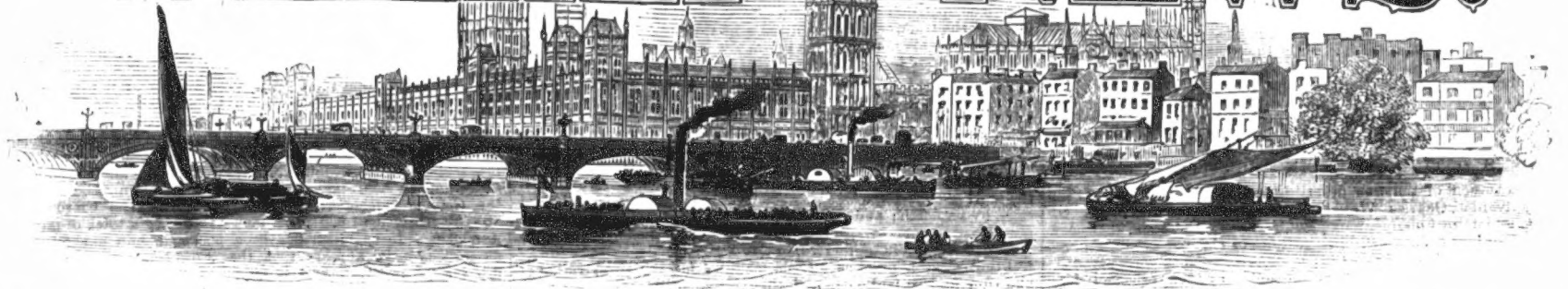


John Dick 315 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

ONE PENNY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

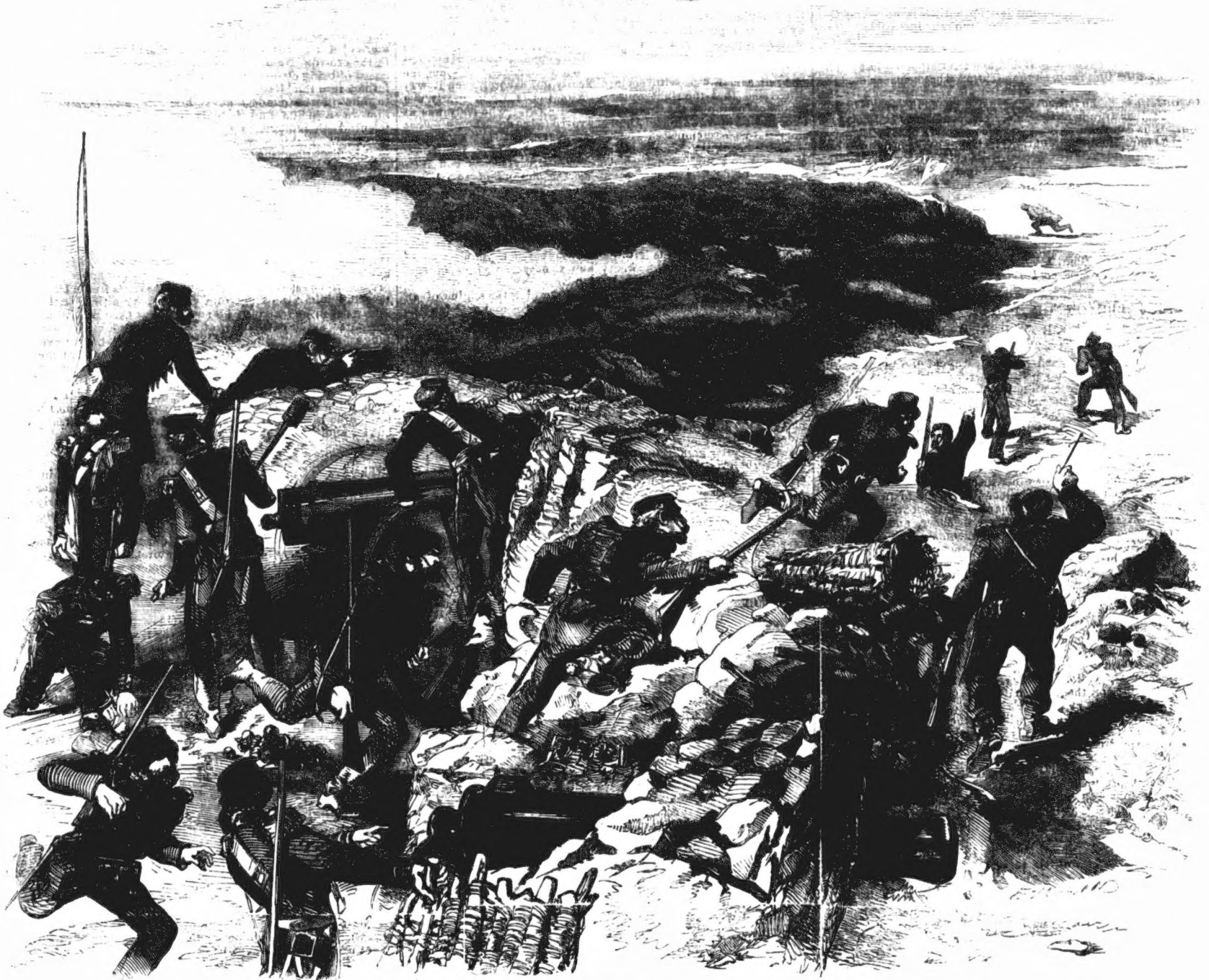
We this week present the readers of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* with four accurate descriptive views relative to the siege of Charleston. One illustrates the attempted escape of a deserter, or supposed spy, from the Federal ranks. He was already without the lines, and rapidly making his way towards the Confederates, when detected by Federal soldiers, who fired a volley at the luckless wretch, and killed him on the spot. Another drawing depicts the ruins of the famous Fort Sumter, pounded to pieces by the Federal artillery. One of the frequent periodical visits paid by General Gilmore to the chain of batteries about Charleston has likewise been carefully illustrated by our artist. And so likewise

has the representation of the interior of one of those batteries which have vomited forth the most destructive missiles on the devoted city, been admirably delineated by the same hand and pencil.

GALLANT RESCUE OF TWO YOUNG LADIES.—DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

An incident well worthy of record occurred at Penzance on Tuesday. Miss Quick and Miss Cock, two young ladies, were bathing opposite the Western Esplanade, about half-past ten o'clock, when persons walking near were alarmed by screams for help proceeding from the hapless bathers, who, it was seen, were being rapidly carried out to sea by the tidal current. Moments were precious, but no one seemed ready to give the needed assistance. Mr. Drew, a

tradesman living near, seeing people running towards the beach, left his shop, and on arrival at the water's edge saw that the young ladies were in the utmost danger, being already forty feet away from the shore. Instantly, without removing any part of his dress, he plunged into the water, and struck out for the now sinking bathers. Robert Stevens, a keeper of the bathing machines for the bath proprietor, Mr. Norton, followed Mr. Drew's example, he also having his clothes on, and an exciting scene occurred. Stevens reached one of the young ladies, and stretched out his hand to grasp her, but missing his aim, became frightened, and returned on shore. Drew meanwhile had reached the youngest lady furthest out, Miss Cock, and was bringing her in, when he saw that Stevens had gone ashore, and that Miss Quick had sunk several times, and



A DESERTER FROM THE FEDERAL LINES BEFORE CHARLESTON.

would almost immediately be drowned. Leaving his first charge for a time, Drew reached Miss Quick, and swam ashore with her, when she was received by those on the beach, and carried off to the baths. Without an instant's delay, Drew, exhausted as he was with previous exertion, pushed out again and caught Miss Cook, who with a death grip clasped him round the neck, and they both disappeared. A shudder ran through the spectators, who whispered one to the other, "Poor things, they are both gone." Soon, however, they rose again, and with a final effort Drew towed his charge to the beach. The young ladies, the first rescued of whom was quite insensible, were at once carefully tended, and a warm brandy and tea being administered, they revived, and they are now nearly recovered. The gallant fellow who had thus saved two lives refused the warm bath that was proffered to him; but one of his hands was quite dead for two hours afterwards, and he did not wholly get over the effects of his exertions that day. Connected with this exciting incident was another, in which, unhappily, death was occasioned. Maria Williams, a healthy, middle-aged woman, who kept house for her brother-in-law, Mr. Houlton, of the Bath Inn, was passing while the young ladies were being carried, insensible, into Mr. Norton's, and was immediately seized with illness and died within an hour, although attended by Mr. Quick, surgeon, before death. It is supposed that the fright produced a fit of apoplexy.—*Western Morning News.*

SHOOTING DESERTING SUBSTITUTES.

THE execution of the five deserting substitutes from the 118th Pennsylvania—Charles Walter, Emile Laf, John Reannese, G. Kuhn, and John Folaney—took place yesterday afternoon, at twenty minutes to four o'clock, within the lines of Colonel Switzer's brigade, before the Fifth Army Corps. The condemned were paraded, with hands manacled behind, accompanied by their priests, before each regiment in turn, preceded by their coffins and by a band playing a dirge. The different regimental bands either joined in as they passed or the drum corps beat a muffled roll. On reaching their graves each man was seated on his coffin, and Captain Orme, provost-marshal of the First Division, read the several sentences, preceded by long and tedious charges and specifications. Through this trial of patience the agonized men appeared resigned. Their eyes were vacant and glazed, with a general idea that a martial host of men was before them, and that a few stood near by. They fixed their vision on no one person or thing; they were absorbed in their fate. Walter was a Jew, and was attended by the Rev. Mr. Szold, Rabbi of the Oncheshon Congregation in Baltimore. Laf and Reannese were Catholics, and attended by the Rev. C. L. Egan, of St. Dominick's, Washington, in lace canonicals. Kuhn and Folaney were German Protestants, and were administered to by the Rev. W. O'Neill, chaplain of the 118th Pennsylvania. Walter, much agitated, stood up and recited in Hebrew after the Rabbi the Penitential Psalms and Voices of the Pentateuch, swaying his body rapidly backward and forward. The rest knelt, while their priests knelt and prayed. At the close the Rabbi kissed Walter, Walter kissed him in return, and crossing over to Folaney, with whom he had been intimate, also kissed him. The men again sat on their coffins. Their eyes were bandaged with white cloth. Fifty men, in two ranks, stood before them. A rapid "Ready, aim, fire!" was given, and they simultaneously fell backward on the coffins, placid lumps of clay. Reannese, Kuhn, and Folaney rolled off and fell upon their faces. The two former breathed for a few moments, though insensible. Ten men fired at each, one of the ten muskets being unloaded, as is customary. An argument for precedence in the procession took place between the Rabbi and the Catholic priest. The latter claimed the first rank, as representing what he considered the first of faiths. The provost-marshal decided in favour of the Rabbi. Another argument took place between Generals Sykes and Griffin. The court-martial ordered the execution to take place between the hours of two and four. The troops of the 5th Corps had not all arrived till long after three. Griffin, in whose division the transaction was to occur, said that if four o'clock struck before their arrival he would feel himself to be murdering them to allow their death. Sykes, commanding the corps, did not see the point in the same light. The tarrying regiments, however, came up before the line had elapsed. Four of the culprits were married. Folaney was single. Walter's wife lives in New York, and interceded with the President, but to no purpose. The families of the rest live in Europe. They all had hopes of pardon till the procession commenced.—*New York Tribune.*

CURIOUS BREACH OF PROMISE—PERSECUTING A "POOR YOUNG MAN."

AN odd breach of promise case, in which the promise-breaker would seem to have claimed the sympathy of the court as the person victimized, came up before Sheriff Smith yesterday, the pursuer being a young woman named Elizabeth Gellis, residing at 272, Galloway-gate, and the defender a man about twenty-five years of age, named Duncan Cameron, a hammerman, living at 11, Balmuir-road. The statement in pursuer's summons claimed £12 as a "solatium and reparation for loss, injury, and damage sustained by pursuer in her credit, character, and feelings, in consequence of defender's having, after a courtship of several years, on the 12th June, and at various other times, promised and agreed to marry her," which promise he afterwards failed to fulfil. Both parties, on the case being called, appeared at the bar, attended by their agents, Mr. Sinclair acting for the defender, and Mr. Laing for the pursuer, who looked to be about nineteen years of age, passably fair, and to all outward seeming more than the equal in mind and person of the defendant. No attempt was made to deny the statements on which the action was founded. Cameron had, it was owned, in June last, after promising to marry the pursuer, given in their names to the registrar of marriages, and had the usual church proclamations made. Bridesmaids and groomsmen had been engaged, and the happy day that was to consummate their long courtship appointed, friends invited, clothes provided, and as the summons further set forth, "other arrangements made, with relative expenses incurred." Mr. Sinclair, in putting the case for the defendant, while admitting all these averments, asked a discreet abjuration, on the ground that his client had been for a length of time pursued by pursuer's addresses, and being of a soft temperment had, although not willing either to be courted by her or married to her, been unable to extricate himself from her attentions. After promising under solicitation to marry her, he had repented, out was unable boldly to declare his determination not to perform his promise. The clergyman under whom he sat, and another friend, both called on the lady and asked her to forego her intention to marry him, but found her thoroughly averse to giving up what she had so long angled for. In the midst of these statements being made on behalf of the defender, who stood mute and harmless-looking beside his agent, unheeding the signs of amusement that agitated the listeners in the court, a friend of the pursuer's came forward and stated that an amicable arrangement had been come to between the parties, the pursuer having agreed to accept one-half the sum sued for as a solatium. The case did not, therefore, proceed further.—*North British Mail.*

DOVER SAILORS' HOME.—On Monday morning eleven of the crew of the bark *Valencia*, lost in the gale of the 8th inst., in the North Sea, were safely landed at Dover, and are all under the care of the superintendent at the Sailor's Home.

Notes of the Week.

MR. HUMPHREYS, the coroner for East Middlesex, closed the inquiry on Saturday relative to the bodies of children recently found in the roof and belfry of Whitechapel Church. Several persons who had acted as assistants to Mr. Canham, an undertaker at Whitechapel, and who is now said to be in Australia, deposed that it had been the practice of parents to bring stubborn children to his shop, but they were unable to say what became of them afterwards. It transpired that in some cases a stillborn child was buried for 4s. 6d., out of which the undertaker had to pay half-a-crown for the ground and the expenses of the coffin. The coroner in a morning up remarked that the evidence disclosed that, owing to competition, undertakers would say they would bury stillborns for a sum that would leave only a profit of 9d. on the transaction. Where competition was so keen there would always be found black sheep in the trade who would dispose of the bodies surreptitiously, with the connivance of some persons who would enable them to save the burial fees. The bodies of stillborn children were constantly found in the streets, and, if undertakers would compete so sharply that it was worth their while to dispose of children in the roof of a church, it was not doing them an injustice to believe that they would also deposit bodies in the street. The jury returned the following verdict on one of the children:—"That on the 22nd of August the deceased child, unknown, being an infant of tender age, was found in the roof of Whitechapel Church, and that, from the lapse of time there was no evidence to prove how the said child came by its death; and the jury find upon evidence that it is the practice of undertakers to receive certificates for the burial of stillborn children from midwives, or any other female, and the jurors feel that such a practice affords facilities for the perpetration of abortion and infanticide, and they recommend that any person burying, or assisting to bury, a stillborn child without a proper medical certificate, shall incur the penalty of a misdemeanour. And the jury declare the sexton of Whitechapel Church guilty of great irregularity in burying stillborn children in a closed churchyard, and in destroying the certificates, and in not accounting to his superiors in such cases, and that he was guilty of culpable negligence in his care of the church which was in his charge, and the entrance to which was entirely in his keeping. And the jury recommended that the officers of the parish should communicate the suggestions above contained to the Secretary of State for the Home Department."

On Monday, Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner, held an inquest at the Bell Tavern, Church-lane, Whitechapel, respecting the death of James Hartley, aged sixty-six, a coachman. He deceased lodged at No. 42, Church-lane, Whitechapel, and had been out of employment for a considerable period, which fact preyed on his mind. The deceased was a widower, and went to bed at eleven o'clock on the previous Thursday night. On the following morning the deceased did not make his appearance as usual, when the landlady opened his room door, and found him in a sitting position on the floor with a rope round his neck. When medical assistance was procured life had gone. After some further evidence, showing that deceased had been desponding and had threatened his life, the jury returned a verdict of "Sui ide while of unsound mind."

A SUICIDE of a most determined and extraordinary character was committed at Brighton on Saturday night. The promenaders of the Junction-parade and West Cliff were alarmed, at eight o'clock, by a loud report from the beach, and on looking in the direction whence it proceeded, a man was seen falling from the groyne known as Ancombe's Groyne, opposite Brill's swimming-baths. Information was at once forwarded to the Town Hall police-station, and the body of a man was with some difficulty got ashore, when it was discovered that the right upper part of the face and nearly the whole of the top of the head was blown away. The body was at once placed upon a stretcher and conveyed to the dead-house. That the act was contemplated is plain from the fact that he had so placed himself that in the event of being only slightly injured by the pistol he would have been drowned. Every means had been adopted to destroy identification, as the portions of two letters which would have furnished a clue to recognition had been carefully torn away, and not a mark was to be discovered on any portion of the clothing. An inquest was held on the body by the borough coroner at the Town Hall, and an open verdict as to the state of the deceased's mind was returned. Judging from the portion of the head which is left, the body is that of a young man of fair complexion, between twenty and twenty-one years of age, about 5ft 6in. in height, and very slender.

At about eleven o'clock on Saturday morning the engine of an ordinary train from Camden-town, just then due, and entering the station at the ordinary reduced speed, ran off the metals and dashed against the wall of the viaduct, carrying a great portion of it away, and precipitating it on to some new buildings which a number of workmen were at the time engaged in erecting in Cooper's-row, Crutchedfriars, beneath. The escape of both train and passengers was most miraculous, for had the engine proceeded but a foot or two further it must have gone over the viaduct and in all probability have dragged one or two carriages over with it. The moment the driver of the engine found, from the peculiar grating noise he heard, that the wheels had left the metals, he shut off the steam, and after grazing the sides of the outer wall for a distance of some eight or ten feet, the engine turned completely round, and rushed through the wall of the viaduct over Cooper's-row, and became embedded in the soil—a circumstance to which may be attributed the stoppage of the train without going over. As it was, the first carriage, a second-class, in which there happened to be, fortunately, but seven or eight passengers, was thrown up completely over the rear or "tender" portion of the engine and then fell upon its side inward towards the rails. The third carriage, also a second-class, must have jumped up, as the whole of the top part of the first was completely smashed in; but it had returned after a collision, and stood partly upon the rails. The passengers were necessarily much alarmed, but it could not be ascertained that any one was injured beyond being slightly shaken by the concussion.

PERILOUS POSITION OF AN AERONAUT, AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

LAST Saturday night a gala was given in the Piece Hall, Halifax, and a grand balloon ascent was announced, in the car of which it was said would be seated Mr. Young and a lady. A little before seven o'clock Mr. Young took his seat, but not the lady, and the balloon commenced its ascent. On leaving the hall it came against some telegraph wires which pass over the hall. This had the effect of rendering the balance somewhat unsteady. After it had risen out of the building a slight breeze from the west carried it against the top of Messrs. Firth and Son's mill chimney, and there it was held, either by the lightning conductor or by the net getting fast to the cornice. There it collapsed. The crowds of spectators were horrified, expecting every minute that the aeronaut would be precipitated from the top of the chimney, which is thirty-five yards high. He, however, retained presence of mind, and more than once waved his hat, of which the people took note and cheered. A rope was let down out of the car, and eventually to it was attached a pulley and another rope, which were drawn into the car. The pulley was fastened to the car, and the aeronaut was fortunate enough to reach the ground without being hurt. There the balloon remained all night. Next day some men ascended to the top of the chimney to recover the balloon. One of them, a man named Charles Rawson, had reached to the top, when the rope snapped in two, he fell to the ground, and was taken up dead. His body was shockingly mangled. Rawson was thirty-seven years of age, and has left a family.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A letter from Biarritz states:—"We have now here a good number of visitors, both foreign and French, attracted by the presence of the Court and the pleasure of being admitted to the charming evening parties of the Villa Eugénie, so different from the official receptions at Compiègne and the Tuileries. On Monday last the Empress gave her first weekly soiree. Dancing was kept up till two o'clock, when supper was served, and the party then separated to meet again next day on the beach. Her Majesty takes a bath in the sea every morning at ten o'clock, with the Prince Imperial, Princess Anna Murat, and one of her ladies of honour. The bath is followed by a long walk. After dinner the Court remains at the villa."

The *Opinion Nationale* has been so disturbed in its mind about the presence of the Florida at Brest that it has actually, as appears from its columns, sent an agent thither to view the obnoxious craft. He had the grief of seeing the immense iron bridge which separates the commercial from the military port, and which is usually opened only for French men-of-war, open for the passage of the Florida. The corsair has obtained the exceptional favour of admission for repairs to a Government basin. She is described by the shuddering envoy of the *Opinion* as a long, low hull, with two small raking masts and a double chimney,—the fastest vessel afloat, making sixteen knots an hour. She is armed with seven guns. With horror the *Opinion* further relates that every sailor on board her has already received £1,800 prize money, forming a total of more than £160,000. If so much has been pocketed, how much has been destroyed? It appears that the Florida's screw and engine are out of order, and it is supposed that before she is ready for sea Federal cruisers will be watching for her off Brest. But the *Opinion* has found out what she means to do. She will not expose herself to an unpleasant meeting, but when repaired she will be sold, and in her place a vessel of the same build, constructed in some unknown English shipbuilder's yard, will go to sea manned by the crew of the Florida and commanded by the same captain, a man about thirty-five years old, formerly in the United States' navy.

The *Moniteur* contains an imperial decree, by which M. de Persigny is created a duke, as "a testimony," says the official announcement, "of our regard for the services he has rendered to the state and for his devotion to our person." His title is to be Duke de Persigny, and it will be hereditary in the direct male line in the order of primogeniture.

POLAND.

The following is an extract from a Cracow letter:—"Many doubt and many more disbelieve that the Russian authorities still use torture as a means of forcing Polish prisoners to divulge the names of their associates and chiefs. I cannot say that they torture all prisoners whom they suspect of having some connexion with the National Government; but that they tortured one last January in the Warsaw citadel, under the impression that he could and would tell the secret of the great Polish conspiracy, this I can assert most positively. I not only know the victim, and have heard the story of his sufferings from his own lips, but two friends of mine, in whose house the poor fellow lay wounded after Jezioranski's last battle, saw the marks of the bloody operation on his back. This unhappy young man first attracted the attention of the Warsaw police by being among the wounded after the massacre of April, 1861, on which occasion he occupied a foremost place in the crowd. Nine months afterwards he was arrested and accused of being connected with the 'Central Committee,' since transformed into the 'National Government.' A Russian General came to him in the citadel, gave him tea and cigars, and asked him in a polite and friendly manner to tell him what the 'Central Committee' really was. The prisoner replied that he knew nothing whatever about it, and as he persisted in his assertion the general flew into a violent passion, and ordered him to receive fifty lashes, which were instantly applied. He was then again entreated and commanded to tell all he knew about the Central Committee, or at least to mention the names of his associates and (alleged) fellow-conspirators. Still refusing, and pleading absolute inability to give the desired information, he was ordered to be flogged again. Under the second punishment he fainted, and remembered nothing more until he found himself in the hospital. Some weeks afterwards, as there was no evidence against him and no information could be got out of him, he was ordered to be set free, and thereupon hastened to the Galician frontier, and joined the army of General Langiewicz. After Langiewicz's defeat he remained for some time at Cracow, and then, being appointed to the detachment of Gogolow, took part in the action fought on Easter Sunday at Szary, where he received a flesh wound in the thigh. He was treated for this wound at the Hospital of the Holy Ghost at Cracow, and was well enough at the beginning of May to take service under Jezioranski, and to fight on the 8th of the month at Kobylanka. Here he was shot in the back as he was calling on his men, and since then has been almost a cripple, though he is now beginning again to walk, and is already looking out for another detachment."

PRUSSIA.

The *Kreuz Zeitung*, the organ of the Federal party in Prussia, publishes the following from Frankfurt-on-the-Oder under date of Sept. 6:—"The municipal council of our city unanimously rejected yesterday, in an extraordinary special meeting, the proposition of the chief magistrate to vote a sum of money for the fête in honour of the King, who will reside here during the great manoeuvres which are to take place in the environs. The proposition was unanimously rejected. Amongst the voters were a retired colonel, two councillors of justice, a councillor of accounts, and an inspector of civil constructions."

AMERICA.

A New York letter has the following:—"It is now certain that we are to have a war with France. I have counted up various statements, and I find that 90,000 men are now employed day and night at our different navy yards and at private yards. This is not for our own civil war. It is preparing for a war with France, and whatever it may lead to. Since my last 100,000 more troops have reached here. Now we have in this vicinity 45,000. A captain, who has charge of a recruiting station, told me yesterday that for six weeks he had only received six recruits (for the regular army), but that when he began to enlist troops to go to Mexico last Monday morning he enlisted thirty-six in the first day, and the number was increasing. Of course these things are kept rather shady until the expeditions sail for Vera Cruz. If Louis Napoleon is the sharp fellow that he is represented to be he will take the initiative, and send 100,000 troops out at once, before November 200,000 will have left different ports here for Vera Cruz, and every port in Mexico. The design will be to capture all their ports, and hold them until the French troops in the interior are captured and locked up. Success involves wisdom out of asses. Who does not remember how the English and American papers used to make fun out of this same Napoleon when he tamed an eagle to come and perch on his shoulder, and then tried to astonish the people at Boulogne by his strange performance. That was wisdom in my opinion compared with his folly in attempting to set up an empire in Mexico. We shall have 500,000 soldiers idle before December. If necessary, all of them can go out to drive off Frenchmen. As I have said often, a war with France will unite the sections, and be a safety-valve for the bitter feelings among ourselves that this war has engendered."

A New York letter has the following interesting particulars respecting the "Greek fire" which has been doing such terrible havoc at Charleston:—

"Your readers will naturally expect some definition of the 'Greek fire' which is being used by General Gillmore for the destruction of Charleston. According to an authority, it was invented about a thousand years ago in the East, and was employed in the crusades against the Christians, to whom it was a source of the utmost terror and confusion. It is composed of what is known as 'arsenical alcohol,' and is chiefly made of pitch, naphtha, and bitumen, and readily burns on and under water. It was originally projected by arrows and javelins, around which flax was twisted, saturated with the compound. It emits a most offensive odour in its discharge, and is very destructive in its effects. The secret of the composition of this fire was lost, it is claimed, until the commencement of the American civil war when it was discovered or re-invented by a Virginian, who offered it to the Federal Government, and tried to procure a patent for it. Such, in short, is the 'Greek fire,' which General Beauregard denounces as a most villainous compound, unworthy of civilized nations. But, as one of the Richmond papers remarks, Beauregard may denounce and protest as long as he pleases without producing any effect. To stop the 'Greek fire,' General Beauregard must stop the battery whence it proceeds."

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON.

President Lincoln has addressed the following letter to General Grant:—

"Executive Mansion, Washington, July 13.

"My dear General,—I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

"To Major-General Grant."

"A. LINCOLN."

The following is General Beauregard's letter to General Gillmore, protesting against the bombardment of Charleston:—

"Head-quarters, Dep. of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, Charleston, S. C., Aug. 22.

"Sir,—Last night, at fifteen minutes before eleven o'clock, during my absence on a reconnaissance of my fortifications, a communication was received at these head-quarters, dated 'Head-quarters, Department of the South, Morris Island, S. C., August 21, 1863,' demanding the immediate evacuation of Morris Island and Fort Sumter by the Confederate forces, on the alleged ground that 'the present condition of Fort Sumter, and the rapid progressive destruction which it is undergoing from my batteries seem to render its complete demolition within a few hours a matter of certainty,' and that if his letter was not complied with, or no reply thereto was received within four hours after it was delivered into the hands of my subordinate commander at Fort Wagner for transmission, a fire would be opened on the city of Charleston from batteries already established within easy and effective range of the heart of the city. This communication to my address was without signature, and was, of course, returned. About half-past one o'clock one of your batteries did actually open fire and threw a number of heavy shells into the city, the inhabitants of which, of course, were asleep and unwarmed. About nine o'clock this morning the communication alluded to was returned to these head-quarters, bearing your recognised official signature and it can now be noticed as your deliberate official act. Among nations not barbarous the usages of war prescribe that when a city is about to be attacked timely notice shall be given by the attacking commander, in order that non-combatants shall have an opportunity of withdrawing beyond its limits. Generally, the time allowed is from one to three days—that is, time for the withdrawal in good faith of at least the women and children. You, sir, gave only four hours—knowing that your notice, under existing circumstances, could not reach me in less than two hours, and not less than the same time would be required for an answer to be conveyed from this city to Battery Wagner. With this knowledge you threaten to open fire on this city, not to oblige its surrender, but force me to evacuate those works which you, assisted by a great naval force, have been attacking in vain for more than forty days. Batteries Wagner, and Gregg, and Fort Sumter are nearly due north from your batteries on Morris Island, and in distance therefrom varying from half a mile to two and a quarter miles. This city, on the other hand, is to the north-west, and quite five miles distant from the battery which opened against it this morning. It would appear, sir, that, despairing of reducing these works, you now resort to the novel measure of turning your guns against the old men, the women and children, and the hospitals of a sleeping city, an act of inexcusable barbarity from your own confessed point of sight, inasmuch as you allege that the complete demolition of Fort Sumter within a few hours by your guns seems to you a matter of certainty. Your omission to attach your signature to such a grave paper must show the recklessness of the course upon which you have adventured. The fact that you knowingly fixed a limit for receiving an answer to your demand which made it almost beyond the possibility of receiving any reply within that time, and that you actually did open fire and throw a number of the most destructive missiles ever used in war into the midst of a city taken unawares and filled with sleeping women and children, will give you a bad omen in history—even in the history of this war. I am only surprised, sir, at the limits you have set to your demands. If, in order to obtain the abandonment of Morris Island and Fort Sumter you feel authorized to fire on this city, why did you not include the works on Sullivan and James Islands, nay, even the city of Charleston, in the same demand? Since you have felt warranted in inaugurating this method of reducing batteries in your immediate front, which were otherwise impregnable, and a mode of warfare which I confidently declare to be atrocious and unworthy of any soldier, I now solemnly warn you that if you fire again on this city from your Morris Island batteries without giving a somewhat more reasonable time to remove the non-combatants, I shall feel impelled to employ such stringent means of retaliation as may be available during the continuance of this attack. Finally, I reply that neither the works on Morris Island nor Fort Sumter will be evacuated on the demand you have been pleased to make. Already, however, I am taking measures to remove all non-combatants, who are now fully aware and alive to what they may expect at your hands.—Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"G. T. BEAUREGARD, General Commanding."

A FOOD AND LUXURY WITHOUT A FAULT.—No parent or invalid should fail to buy Maizena. It was reported by the jury of the late Exhibition "Exceedingly Excellent for food," and obtained the two prize medals, being the sole awards gained by any article of its kind. Maizena is highly recommended by our first physicians as the best, lightest, most palatable, and most nutritious food for invalids and children, and prepared according to the directions given, it may be made into the most delicious cakes, custards, puddings, blanc manges, and other exquisite dishes, effecting a wonderful saving in eggs, isinglass, &c.—[Advertisement.]

MURDER BY A FRENCH TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

On Tuesday, the 28th April of the present year, the French frigate L'Amazone arrived in the harbour of Toulon with 150 returned convicts from Cayenne. Discharged at the Prefecture of Police, each of the 150 received a small sum of money and a pass setting forth his destination. Condemned criminals in France, even after they have served out their full term of punishment are not free by any means. They have to settle within a certain district, either chosen by themselves, or fixed by the police; and whenever they go beyond the limits of this district they are liable instantly to be taken up again and sent to prison—or, still more horrible alternative—to be returned to Cayenne. Among the 150 convicts set on shore at Toulon on the 28th of April there was a man named Maurice, a bastard. Brought up in misery and vice, he had been many times already condemned for theft and robberies, although only twenty-nine years of age. His last ten years' sojourn in the deadly swamps of Cayenne made him eager, no doubt, to breathe again the air of liberty, and in company with two of his convict brethren he hurried away from Toulon as fast as his legs would carry him. At the little town of Pont-Saint-Esprit the trio separated, proceeding in different directions; whether determined to begin existence anew, as peaceable members of society, or ready for new crimes and misdemeanours, heaven only knows. Maurice, whatever his intentions, was not inclined to enter the new enlarged prison selected for him by the police, the town of Blois, but kept beating about the country in gipsy fashion, in part a beggar, and in part a thief. After lengthened wanderings, he arrived in the department of Indre-et-Loire forming part of the ancient province of Touraine, the "garden of France." Here Maurice was in clover, finding little difficulty to obtain reasonable quantities of food and drink from the charitable instincts of comfortable peasants and burghers. But this very feeling of well-being seemed to awaken all the criminal instincts of the ancient convict.

On the 29th of May Maurice arrived at a village called Melande, where he was not so fortunate as to obtain a lodging, but had to creep into a barn, to rest in a heap of straw. Watching the departure of the inmates of the neighbouring farm the next morning, he then broke into the house, regaled himself with the best the cellar contained, dressed in the clothes found hanging on the wall, and emptied the contents of a small till into his pocket. Being a new man now in outward appearance, he walked to another village, Antriche, a couple of miles distant, where he had himself shaved, took a glass of wine at an inn, and bought a short pipe and a box of matches at the shop of a tobacconist. All the people whom he visited noticed a peculiar-looking neocrite, with red, blue, and green stripes, which he wore, and of the possession of which he was evidently proud. Leaving the little village of Antriche, the man Maurice was lost to view, until the evening, when the gendarmes of the parish found him, covered with blood, in a forest not far distant, and at once took him into custody under the accusation of murder.

At noon on the same day, the 30th of May, a labourer working in the fields not far from Antriche heard loud cries coming from a cottage inhabited by a very aged and infirm gentleman, named Barillaut. The cries did not last long, and the labourer, after listening for a while and hearing nothing more, continued his work. An hour after, a girl entered the outer yard of the old gentleman's cottage, with a pallid face, and knocking in the accustomed manner, tried to obtain entrance. Nobody answering the girl got alarmed, and ran into the field, from whence she returned to the house with the man who had heard the cries. After a short consultation, the door was broken open, when a frightful spectacle presented itself. The old man was lying in the back yard, in a pool of blood, completely disfigured, and with numerous wounds all over his body. Round his neck was a striped necktie, with which he seemed to have been strangled; one of his ears was cut off, and the remaining portion of his face looked as if it had been crushed in the vice-like grip of a powerful hand, so strong as to break the whole of the teeth from their sockets. On close inspection it was found that all the boxes and cupboards in the house were broken open, and all the valuables, among them a considerable sum of money, partly consisting in old and curious pieces, had been carried off. It was evident that a brutal murder, as well as robbery, had been committed. Two men at once jumped into a cart, to detect, if possible, the assassin. A suspicious-looking individual had been seen on the road shortly before, and they drove after him as fast as they could. But just when on the point of reaching him the man jumped a ditch, and threw himself into a neighbouring wood, into which they were afraid to follow him. But the gendarmes of the village, having been informed of the murder, searched the wood in all directions, and, before long, found the returned convict, Maurice, lying on the grass, his clothes besprinkled with blood. He was carried off to Tours, to be put on his trial for the murder of the old man Barillaut.

The assizes of the Indre-et-Loire opened on Friday, the 4th of September, and the first man who was put into the criminal dock was the returned convict. A rather handsome man, with deep black eyes, he awakened some sympathy at first sight; the more so as he strongly, though calmly, denied being guilty of the murder of which he was accused. He avowed, however, having committed various robberies subsequently to his liberation at Toulon; and, after very much pressure on the part of the presiding judge, confessed also the theft in the farm-house of Melande on the morning of the 29th of May. "Among the goods stolen was a striped necktie, in red, blue, and green?" questioned the judge. "No," replied the accused. "But you have been seen by numbers of people at Antriche with the tie round your neck?" "The people were mistaken," quietly replied Maurice. "But whence came the blood on your clothes when the gendarmes arrested you?" "It was owing to the bleeding of my nose," answered the prisoner. At this point of the interrogatory a medal and a copper coin, which had been found on the returned convict when arrested, were handed up to the president. Both were proved to have belonged to the murdered man Barillaut, and were extremely rare pieces; the copper coin being known as a "double Tournois," bearing the date 1634, and the effigy of Louis XIII; and the medal, the figure of a cavalier, with the motto, "Toujours et orné." At the sight of these coins the prisoner got pale, and, being again questioned, faltered in his speech. Suddenly he started from his seat, and demanded permission to speak. "It was me who killed him," he exclaimed in a hoarse voice. "Tell us all the circumstances," enjoined the president. "I cannot, and I dare not!" exclaimed the convict. Being pressed hard to make a detailed confession, he said that when he entered the house of the old man, he found him at his dinner, and was invited to sit down to table with him. Wine was twice fetched from the cellar; "and," exclaimed Maurice, "on his return the second time I committed the—misfortune (malheur)." The sight of blood, he partly avowed in further confession, awakened a wild desire for carnage within him. Having strangled the old man with the stolen necktie, he cut off his ear, mutilated his face, and hacked the body with a siletto knife all over. Not content with this, he dragged the corpse into the yard, and with a paving-stone broke the skull and some of the limbs. "Is all this true?" asked the judge. "It is just possible," calmly replied the convict, assuming his former air of impassive calm. The jury thereupon retired for a few minutes, and returning into court, brought in an absolute verdict of "Guilty," leaving out for since the re-styled "with attenuating circumstances." The prisoner heard the verdict of death pronounced upon him by the judge without moving a muscle of his face. Passing between the row of gendarmes back to his cell, he exclaimed, with a smile, "Well, the game is played out." Better death than Cayenne, seemed to be the thoughts of the returned convict. Cayenne clearly is a failure, as much as was our own Botany Bay.

EXECUTION OF FOUR MURDERERS AT LIVERPOOL.

On Saturday, at noon, four men, each convicted of a separate murder, and three of them for the murder of women, suffered the extreme penalty of the law at the usual Liverpool place of execution at Kirkdale Gaol. A circumstance of such a nature as this never occurred in Liverpool before, and, as may be supposed, it attracted an extraordinary crowd, a large proportion of which consisted of persons from a distance; but independent of these, there was an immense assemblage of men, women, and children belonging to the town. The culprits were Jose Maria Alvarez, a Spanish seaman, convicted of the murder of James Harrison, in Oldhall-street; John Hughes, convicted of the murder of his wife, in Great Homer-street; James O'Brien, an Irish sailor, condemned for the murder of Elizabeth Callaghan, in Spitalfields; and Benjamin Thomas, a Welsh sailor, sentenced to death for the murder of Mary Rowlands, in Brook-street, Oldhall-street. All these murders were attended with circumstances of great aggravation and ferocity, and although considerable efforts were made by different persons to obtain a commutation of the sentences passed on the different men, there never appeared any reasonable ground for believing that the royal clemency would be extended to any of them.

Preparations for the execution were made on the previous Friday afternoon, but so early as ten o'clock in the morning knots of people were standing near "the place of execution," gazing at the iron doors through which the murderers were to issue to their doom; and throughout the day there was a constant succession of "visitors," many of them females. The erection of the scaffold was commenced about three o'clock, and about an hour afterwards stood out complete, prepared for four persons. The operations of those engaged in the work were watched by a large crowd of people, many of whom remained until dusk. Calcraft was the executioner. He arrived at the gaol on the previous Friday evening.

The iron railing surrounding the scaffold had been covered with black cloth, so that after the drop had fallen the criminals were not visible to the spectators below. About half-past nine o'clock, 150 of the borough police, under the direction of Mr. Divisional Superintendent Ride, Mr. Superintendent Haynes, and ten inspectors, marched upon the ground for the preservation of order, but their duties were of an exceedingly light character, for the mob behaved in the most orderly manner.

Soon after eleven o'clock on Saturday, there arrived at the Bootle lane railway station an excursion train of thirty carriages from Bradford. The majority of the "excursionists" were respectably dressed persons—decent-looking mechanics, women in silk dresses with expanded crinolines, and youths from twelve to twenty years of age. Every one nearly appeared to be in a state of excitement lest they should not get a good stand to view the scaffold. Many of the spectators evidently had walked from a long distance, as was evinced from their weary gait and mud-bespattered clothes.

Soon after eleven o'clock the crowd had become very great, the struggling for places became fearful, and the din of the living mass of human beings, as they pushed and elbowed, and shouted, sounded painfully upon the ear. The people by thousands came pouring through Dingle-lane, Whitefield-lane, and across the brickfields, and took up their position in the mud and dirt fronting the apparatus of death. At a quarter to twelve o'clock it was estimated that there were over 100,000 persons on the ground, and this number was further increased by large arrivals of excursionists from Huddersfield and Blackburn; up to the last moment, too, the rush of people from Liverpool was extraordinary.

At twelve o'clock was rung upon the bell of an adjoining school, Calcraft appeared upon the scaffold, and in an instant the hum of voices among the crowd was hushed, and all eyes were turned towards the drop. The executioner led up Hughes, who seemed to be very collected, but apparently averted his eyes from the people before him. While the process of adjusting the cap and fixing the fatal noose round his neck was going forward, the chaplain of the gaol, the Rev. Mr. Appleton, though screened from view, could be distinctly heard reading the service for the dead. Hughes appeared fervently to join in the devotions, and during the whole time of awful suspense that he had to wait while Calcraft was preparing the other criminals for their doom, Hughes continued in prayer. Alvarez next appeared upon the scaffold. He looked round upon the crowd in a defiant manner, and when the white cap was placed over his head, thrice lifted his hands as high as the pining cords would permit, as though bidding farewell to friends whom he recognised—a movement which he repeated while awaiting the falling of the drop. After this he remained perfectly quiet and firm, though, from the movement of his lips, he seemed to be engaged in prayer. O'Brien came next. He stepped upon the plank with an appearance of the utmost bravado, and before Calcraft began his operations, by a violent effort attempted to throw his cap into the crowd. His hands being pinioned, he could not accomplish this, and the cap fell just over the barricade, and was picked up by one of the police inspectors. As though further to show the utter indifference which he felt a smile played over his features as Calcraft approached him to fix the cap, and during the two or three minutes that he had to wait before the bolt was drawn he seemed to strain forward to the front of the gallows as much as possible, though the convulsive exertions of his throat showed that his courage was in great part assumed. Thomas (whose violent conduct in the dock at his trial led many to suppose that his appearance upon the scaffold would lead to a "scene") seemed to be the most cool and quiet of any. He looked calmly for an instant upon the crowd, and then quietly submitted to the operations of Calcraft. The preliminary arrangements occupied about three or four minutes, but the time seemed trebly long as the doomed men one after another took their places beneath the drop. Calcraft having finally shaken hands with each, withdrew from the platform, and in an instant afterwards the four men fell. They were completely hidden behind the black screen which surrounded the scaffold, and their agonies were concealed from the crowd. The greater portion of the multitude then dispersed, although a considerable number remained behind and seemed to find a pleasure in looking upon the scaffold, through the cloth surrounding which could dimly be seen the suspended bodies of the unhappy men.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS TOWNSHEND.

We regret to record the death of the Marquis Townshend, at Raynham, Norfolk. His lordship was in his sixty-sixth year. Some years since his lordship suffered from a paralytic attack, and his death, which happened suddenly, was caused by a renewal of the attack. The deceased nobleman was the son of the late Lord John Townshend, and married, in 1825, the daughter of the late Lord George Stuart, and sister of the late Lord Dudley Stuart whose ardent attachment to the cause of Poland he shared. His lordship, after leaving Eton, where he was educated, entered the Naval College at Portsmouth, and became a captain R.N. in 1834; naval aide-de-camp to the Queen in 1854; and rear-admiral in 1856. He represented Tamworth from December, 1847, to January, 1856, when, upon the death of his cousin, he succeeded to the marquise. The late Marquis Townshend was high steward of the borough of Hertford. The deceased nobleman is succeeded in his title and estates by his son, John Villiers Stuart, Viscount Raynham, born in 1831, and who has represented Tamworth since 1856.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill. [Advertisement.]

SKETCHES IN CENTRAL AMERICA AND TANGIERS.

SKETCHES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Our readers have, in one or two numbers, recently had sketches and descriptions of places, and objects, and institutions of this country. We here add a view of the interior of an Indian temple, where we see the figure of a poor heathen worshipping the ludicrous image regarded as their god. The other cut represents an Altar in the Forest, on which various sacrifices are made.

OUR TANGERIAN SKETCHES.

TANGIER is situated on the Straits of Gibraltar, a few miles east of Cape Spartel. Its proper name is Tanja, or Tinja; and from this place the Roman province of which it was the capital received the name of Mauritania Tingitana. The town was for a long time the subject of eager contest between the Moors and the Portuguese. In 1471, Alonso, King of Portugal, succeeded in obtaining possession of it; and in 1662 it came into the hands of the English as part of the marriage dower of the Queen of Charles II. On its evacuation in 1684, by order of the English Government, its fortifications were demolished, and only their vestiges are now visible. Its importance has very much declined, and its chief trade is with Gibraltar.

This neighbourhood has been notorious for its breed of pirates, who chiefly frequent the province of Riff. This nest of these savage beings is separated from the French possessions in Africa by the desert of Angad and the Lalla Morgnia. It contains about a dozen villages which no person save those who belong to the fraternity dare enter. Various attempts have from time to time been made to rout them out, but without success. The territory of the Riff extends from the north-eastern extremity of Morocco on the Mediterranean, and to the east of the capital from Tetuan to Melonia. It is occupied by sixteen great tribes governed by Sheiks, among which are the Guelaias, an ancient tribe of the Idracides, noted for their ferocity. The villages in the Riff are scattered over a vast extent of territory, and are perched on high rocks; the inhabitants of those nearest the sea are half savage, and have no other occupation than robbery and piracy. In the gorges of the snow-topped mountains the pirates seek a refuge after their expeditions, and twenty times have armies sent to subject them found the task impossible. With regard to such enemies, who can only be reached on one side, no illusion should be entertained. The Rifians and the Moors of the environs of Ceuta are brave, sober, and indefatigable, like their ancestors, whom the Romans conquered, but were not able to subject. The shade of a tree, beneath which they spread their nets, a little oatmeal and dried fruits for food, and gunpowder and arms to fight, are all that they need; they make use of the lazzo, like the Gauchos of America, and of long poniards. These men, whose natural element seems to be war, are serious foes.

"THE VIRGIN," BY RAPHAEL.

THE picture known as the "Virgin with the Fish" is one of the most beautiful of the many works by Raphael. It was entirely painted by his own hand in 1543 seven years before his death when his great artistic talents had attained their highest perfection. The painting is at present in the Museum at Madrid. In 1813 it was taken to Paris in a state of great dilapidation, and after having been restored it was again returned to Spain.

The "Virgin with the Fish" is, with another at Dresden, the most wonderful of all the Virgins created by Raphael. The dignity of the whole, the ideal purity of the Virgin, the simplicity, grace, majesty—all these noble characteristics combine to rivet the attention of the spectator and to excite in him the tenderest emotions. The calmness and grandeur of this composition cannot be too much admired. The combination of the human and the divine, as in all the works

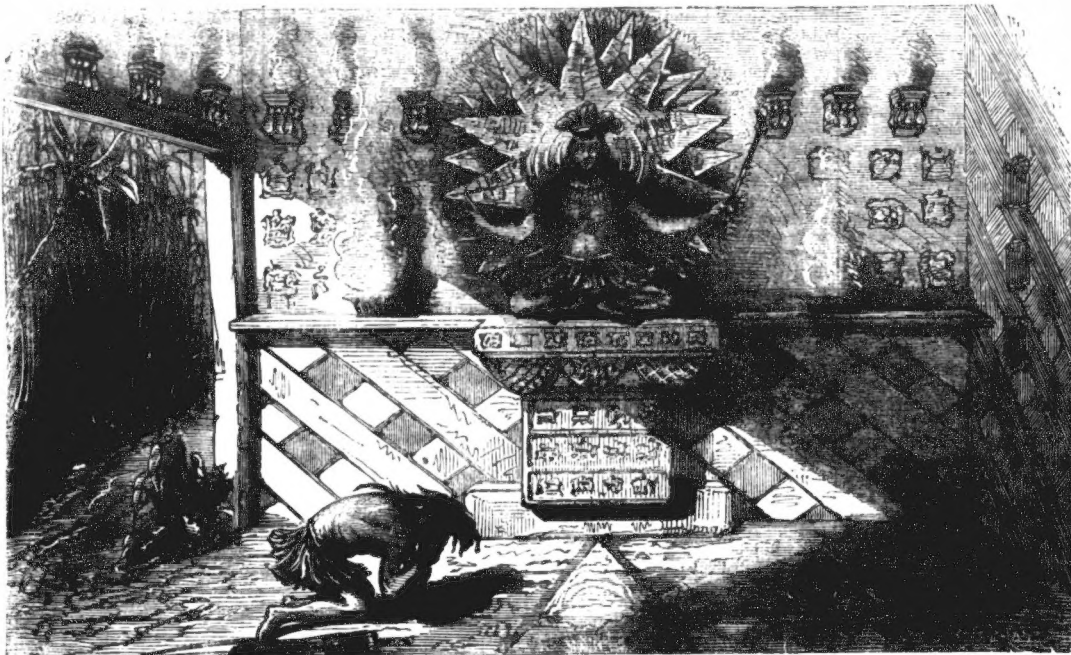


ALTAR IN THE FOREST.

of Raphael, is here very happily expressed. The sentiments revealed in the countenances of the different figures are all subordinate to the calmness and dignity which irradiate the face of the Virgin—

the Council of Trent in 1545, and Raphael died in 1520. So much for the ingenuity of critics!

It is not, however, necessary to go far for the meaning of this wonderful production. Vasari informs us that the "Virgin with the Fish" was executed for the Church Saint Dominique, at Naples. It was placed in the chapel set apart to the devotions of persons afflicted with sore eyes. Raphael, in introducing Tobias into his picture, meant, no doubt, to make allusion to the hopes of cure which the poor afflicted ones had in frequenting this chapel; for everybody knows that young Tobias, with the gall of his fish, is said to have cured his father's blindness. And as for the anachronism of finding Saint Jerome in this work, it is sufficient to state that Jerome happened to be the Christian name of the man from whom Raphael received the commission to paint the picture. It is a sad reflection, perhaps, that genius should in this way be subject to the caprice of a vulgar vanity; but it is by no means uncommon. A great number of the masterpieces from the period of the renaissance have been produced under the influence of motives as puerile and combinations as extraordinary. The very name of the painting, "Vierge au Poisson," (Virgin with the Fish,) may be objected to as incongruous. It is neither in accordance with religion nor common sense; so be it, nevertheless,—such is the name. But who will complain of the incongruity of the name or grouping when he has before him a *chef d'œuvre* like this? The nearer the subject more conspicuously appears the divine genius of the artist. Certainly it is a matter for regret that Raphael devoted himself so exclusively as he did to the delineation of religious or mythical subjects, in which we can feel no special interest. With what power he could have portrayed scenes more human, and therefore more calculated to excite our emotions of joy and sorrow, had he drawn his inspiration of the world around him! Was the earth, then, with the men and women upon it, with all their emotions, so devoid of interest to Raphael that he was obliged to go for inspiration to regions so remote from the actual abodes of humanity? But why these regrets when we have traces of genius so evident in all his productions? However trite his subjects he always impresses them with such individuality and life as to leave nothing to be desired. He is often extravagant, but he is always sublime. In modern art there may be a far better selection of subjects—there may be better grouping; many grave errors committed by the great masters may be avoided; but where have we a masterpiece like that of the Virgin here represented?



INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

the crowning figure in the picture. The head of the Angel, the nearest approach to that of the Virgin, bears the impress of celestial purity, but the countenance indicates prayer, and this trait alone renders the figure relatively inferior beside the placid and chaste Virgin. The young Tobias presented by the Angel to the Virgin seated on her throne, is delicately represented as modestly timid. The figure of the infant Jesus abounds in all the charming traits peculiar to childhood and innocence. He looks down with a free and fond air towards the kneeling Tobias; the outstretched hand, the elevated foot, the entire attitude of the child, reveal his infantile emotions, and is an exquisite contrast to the calmness of the other figures. The divine *Bambino* regards with a curious interest the young Tobias, who, holding a fish in his hand, has been conducted into the presence of the Virgin by the good Angel. This circumstance distracts the attention of the child from the reading Saint Jerome. In all this we have an expression of the so-called purely human side of the picture. But, at the same time, the child, by one of those movements so graceful in the hands of this great master, is represented as letting his little hand fall on the leaves of the book, as if to mark the passage where the reading is interrupted, and to indicate, with a delicacy and deference due to the age and learning of the doctor, that his grave instruction is not discontinued, but only suspended for a moment. Saint Jerome, with all his thoughts on his book, betrays the attitude of a man who cannot be diverted from his great task, and who is ready to continue his reading the moment the interruption is removed. Accepting this as the meaning, is it not most admirable of its kind? It is by the perfect understanding of his subject—by the true sentiment awakened, and, above all, by the inexhaustible treasures of beauty and grace which are spread over the whole picture as if by the hand of a magician—that Raphael raises to the acme of art compositions of which the motives may be very frivolous and even ridiculous. What an odd combination, for instance, we have here. There are the Virgin and her Son, Saint Jerome, the doctor of the Latin Church of the fourth century, and Tobias, with his fish caught in the Tigris, seven centuries before the birth of Jesus Christ! What chain of thought really connects these personages and legends? What is the meaning of this puzzle? The mind involuntarily seeks an explanation—it is not content to allow all this magnificence and beauty to end in nonsense. Some persons, more ingenious than wise, have supposed that by this composition Raphael wished to symbolize the late admission of Tobias among the canonical books of Scripture. Thank heaven the great master is not capable of such a blunder! A very simple remark will show the absurdity of this interpretation of the picture. The book of Tobias was only admitted as canonical by

A FEARFUL accident occurred at Messrs. Morrison and Co.'s extensive engine works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Saturday morning, at a quarter before twelve o'clock. Four men were engaged with others in stripping a monster casting of fifteen tons, which was in the moulding pit. The casting was lifted by means of a travelling crane, which worked upon two girders. The men appear to have put the crane too much on one side, and one of the girders gave way, throwing both men and crane into the pit. One man, Felix Campbell, was killed upon the spot. Michael Cooley, a lad eighteen years of age, was very much injured about the head, and is not likely to recover. Edward Gallagher and John M'Guire were also seriously injured. The wounded men were removed to the infirmary.

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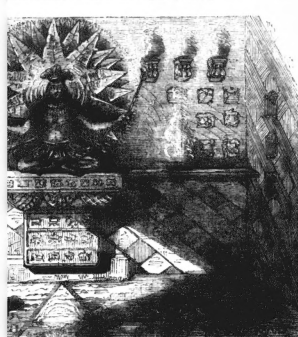
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IN THE FOREST.

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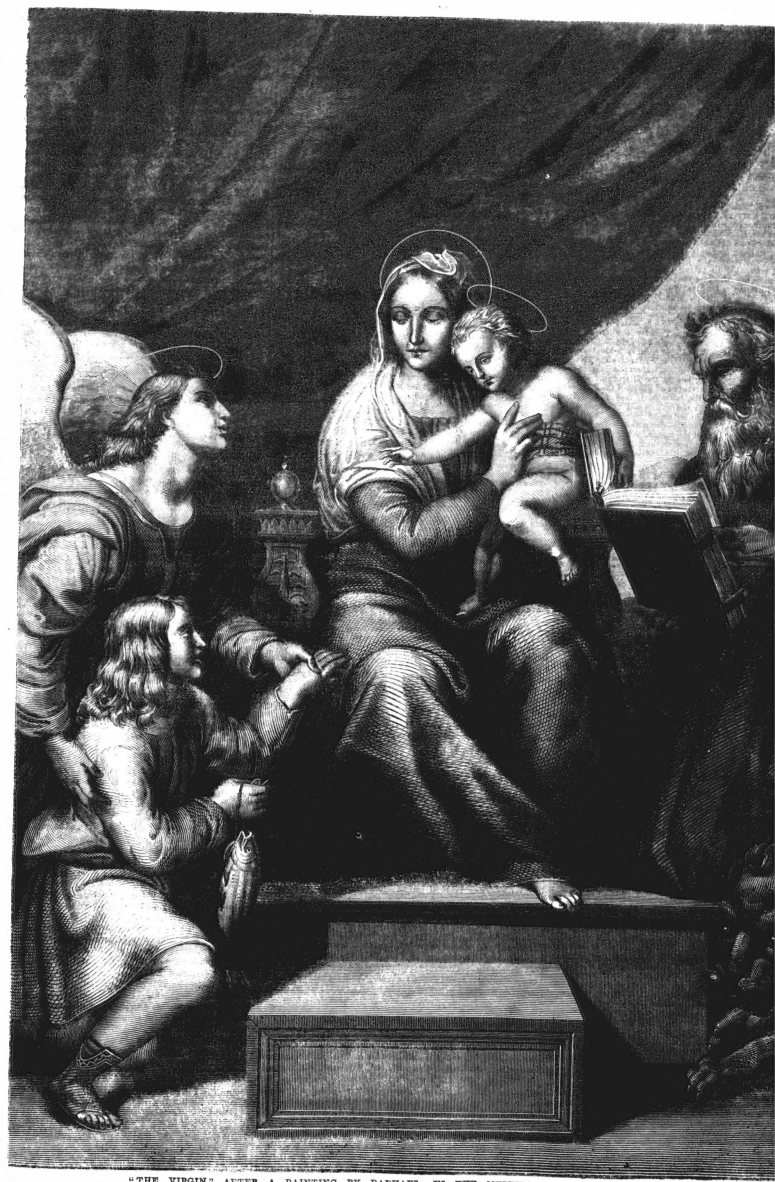
AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

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"THE VIRGIN," AFTER A PAINTING BY RAPHAEL, IN THE MUSEUM AT MADRID. (See page 212.)

The Court.

On Thursday afternoon, soon after the arrival of her Majesty at Windsor Castle, the Queen and royal children visited the Queen's Oak, which had not been removed. Since the downfall of this venerable relic it has been religiously guarded by keepers, until her Majesty's pleasure should be known as to its ultimate destination. During the late storm which passed over Windsor another fine old oak was struck down by the lightning.—*Court Journal*.

On Friday, her Majesty visited the Mausoleum at Frogmore, and expressed her satisfaction at the progress of the works.—*Court Journal*.

The return of the Court to Windsor is fixed for the 8th of October next.

The Queen, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice left the Castle for Balmoral at a quarter before seven on Monday evening.

The suite in attendance consisted of the Lady Augusta Bruce, Lieutenant-General Hon. C. Grey, Major-General Seymour, Major Cowell, Mr. Buff, and Dr. Jenner.

Fencing seems to have been the ruling amusement of the Prince and Princess of Wales during the past week. The weather, though unsettled and showery, has not prevented them enjoying the usual amount of outdoor recreation. The Prince, nothing daunted by the passing showers, persistently pursues his now favourite pastime, deer-stalking, and not unfrequently has he tried the lungs of his more elderly keepers to follow him on the hills in pursuit of game. On Saturday week the Prince was out shooting at Invergelie, and succeeded in taking down three noble stags, which he exhibited to the Princess that evening by torchlight on the lawn in front of the castle. On Sunday they both attended Divine service, when Dr. Fowler, of Ratho, near Edinburgh, then on a visit to Orkney, preached an eloquent sermon. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess drove to the wood east from Corbieha, and took tea among the heather. Monday being a day of rain, the royal party stayed mostly inside. On Tuesday the Prince was again among the hills, and brought down a fine deer, which was afterwards shown at the castle. The Princess and attendants drove to the Garrawall and took luncheon. On Wednesday the Prince, Princess, and suite drove to Garmundie, a hill on the west side of Balmoral, and lunched, returning late in the afternoon. In the evening a ball was given to the servants and gillies of the Prince at the castle. In connexion with the jottings, it may not be uninteresting to notice that, though the Prince and Princess, more especially the latter, almost daily hover round Balmoral Castle for a while, they have never yet been inside—the notion in the locality being that the Queen, "the lady of the manor," wishes them not to enter until she is there herself to receive them. The Hon. Mrs. Coke has left Aberfeldie as lady-in-waiting, being succeeded by the Hon. Mrs. Bruce.—*Aberdeen Herald*.

BIBLE AND BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We were yesterday favoured with a view of the magnificent Bible and Book of Common Prayer which are about to be presented by "The gentlemen of England" to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The price of this splendid specimen of British art is made up of shilling subscriptions, 6,000 in number, which were commenced immediately after the late royal marriage. The Bible is in royal quarto, being the edition known as "Bagster's comprehensive edition," and the Prayer-Book is the "Oxford," uniform in size with the Bible. The binding of both volumes is in the finest Turkey morocco, in four colours, having the covers divided into panels, upon which the Tudor rose and passion flower are raised in relief. The cross in brown leather divides the panels, and is surmounted in the centre by the Prince's monogram and coronet richly gilt. The external decorations are, however, gorgeous, but secondary to the beautiful illuminations with which the opening pages of each volume are decorated. These ornaments, which rival, if they do not excel, the finest works of the middle ages, are by James West, and fully sustain the reputation of that well-known artist. The edges bear on a richly gilt ground the royal monogram and coronet in centre, with appropriate texts in scrolls; and the dedication pages, which are of the finest vellum, are splendidly illuminated in gold and colours, having the rose, shamrock, and thistle emblazoned in three appropriate hues. Amongst the decorations the garter is conspicuous surrounding the royal initials, and the remaining ornaments are of similar elaborate workmanship. The whole will form a costly and appropriate present, honourable alike to the donors the royal recipient, and the various artists to whom Messrs Bagster had entrusted the work. A section of British oak, exquisitely carved by a Cambridge firm, completes this beautiful and suggestive offering. The presentation will include a manuscript volume containing the autographs of the whole of the 6,000 subscribers.—*Daily Paper*.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND IRISH FRIEZE—We (*Westminster Guardian*) feel much pleasure in publishing the following letter. It is a high compliment paid to an important and growing branch of Irish manufacture, and is alike creditable to the enterprise of our townsmen. The Princess, it is said, never looks more lovely than when her royal highness is buttoned up in her simple coat of Mullingar frieze:—"Abergeldie Castle, Aberdeenshire, August 25, 1863. Lieutenant-General Knollys has been directed by the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Gordon's letter of the 18th instant, and also a box containing some samples of Irish frieze, and to inform him that his royal highness has been pleased to purchase a great coat and a 'Land of the West' jacket for the Princess, for which Lieutenant-General Knollys encloses a cheque for 5*l.* 2*s.*"

EARLY on Saturday morning active operations were commenced for raising the Baron Oey, Antwerp steamer, which, it will be remembered, sank more than a week ago in the upper part of Limehouse Reach, while on her passage up the river to St. Katharine's Wharf. The measures adopted with this end in view proving successful, at high water the Baron Oey was got into the south shore clear of the navigation, and allowed to settle down on the bed of mud off the timber wharfs at Rotherhithe. Steps will at once be taken to patch up the rent in her bottom, when she will be hauled into dry dock to undergo repair. There being some cargo still in her Custom-house officers were put on board.

THE CONSCRIPTS—It is a sad sight to see in free America men marched through our city manacled to a chain, their destiny to become unwilling soldiers. The spectacle was visible here the other day.—*New York Argus*.

THE PERTSHIRE COUNTESS states that the eyesight of the Duke of Atholl is failing under the medical treatment adopted with a view to induce sleep, from the loss of which the Duke has of late suffered much. There is unhappily no longer any doubt that his grace is labouring under an attack of cancer of a malignant character.

A MUNIFICENT OFFER—A gentleman of Liverpool, who does not publish his name, has offered the sum of 1,000*l.* towards a sum of 10,000*l.*, which he estimates will be required to purchase all the miserable and unhealthy courts which still disfigure the town, and which constantly generate fever and other infectious diseases.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANTHROPOLOGY.		H. W. B.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
19	S.	Battle of Poitiers, 1356	...	5 28	5 50
20	S.	16th Sunday after Trinity	...	6 12	6 39
21	M.	Col. Gardiner died, 1745	...	7 7	7 44
22	T.	Sun rises 5 <i>h.</i> 47 <i>m.</i> Sets 5 <i>h.</i> 58 <i>m.</i>	...	8 27	9 13
23	W.	Boerhaave died, 1738	...	9 57	10 40
24	T.	John Farren died, 1861	...	11 20	11 56
25	F.	Holy Rood Day	...	12 0	0 24

Moon's Changes.—20th, First Quarter, 1*h.* 33*m.* p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. Evening.
Ezekiel 2; Matthew 21. Ezekiel 13; 1 Corinthians 5.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3*s.* 3*d.* to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

BILLY B.—Procure Mogg's "Map of London," price 1*s.*, at any respectable bookseller's, or at the railway stations. Aromatic vinegar should be carried in a smelling-bottle by a person who is liable to fainting fits.

C. J.—Apply to Mr. William Faden, solicitor, No. 10, Gray's Inn Square. He will advise you whether to become a bankrupt, or to endeavour to effect a compromise with your creditors.

R. P.—Prince Albert was educated at the University of Bonn, on the Rhine.

S. G. (Perth)—Whitenside, or the Feast of Pentecost, is compounded of the words White and Sunday, because the converts newly baptised appeared from Easter to Whitenside, in white.

PETER SIMPLE.—The carriages of peers are distinguished by having coronets on their panels; a baron's coronet may be known by four balls; a viscount's, by three of smaller dimensions; an earl's has five upon supporters; a marquess's has two balls in strawberry leaves; and a ducal coronet is known by the absence of balls, and the entire substitution of strawberry leaves.

S. N.—Galen was a physician of Pergamum, and died in the year 140. Murillo the eminent Spanish painter, died in 1685, by a fall from a scaffold whilst he was painting.

GRANTZ.—Andrea Ferrara is supposed to have been an Italian well skilled in the art of making swords; he was brought over to Scotland about the reign of James V., and his name is to be found on many of the finest blades of that period.

TRAO.—The correct pronunciation of *parlez vous Français*, is *par-lay voo frangsey*.—John Milton died the 9th of November, 1674.

S. E. G.—Living at Jersey is much cheaper than at Madeira.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

Let those advocates of Draconian laws who would renege the account given in another part of this journal respecting the career of a French convict, named Maurice, and then let them say whether ferocious punishments are the best correctives of ferocity. We should imagine that if anything could convert a civilized being into a savage, it would be an ordinary term at the galleys of Brest or Marseilles. The imperial jurists often boast, with unnecessary emphasis, that their countrymen have abjured the rack, the stake, the scourge, the wheel, the great and the little torture, the thumb-screw, and the whipping apparatus which Peter the Great so rapturously admired. But what is the daily existence of a French criminal? No matter what his habits of life may have been, he must undergo the probation of "the great fatigue;" must wear the red jacket, the canvas shirt, the yellow pantaloons, and the shoddy green cap, according to the extent of his sentence. He is examined by the surgeons, coupled to a fellow convict by massive chains, chained at work, chained at meals, chained on the sloping plank which forms his bed; he is put to work in mines, to pump in dock-basins, to unload vessels, to drag heavy burdens of iron, lead, or stone, no matter at what hour of the night or day, and if he be drenched with water, there is no change of apparel for him. Bread or biscuit, dry vegetables, butter, oil, and salt, constitute his rations, with wine upon exceptional occasions of excessive toil, but never meat, unless in the infirmary. This is convict discipline with a vengeance. The cannon sounds winter and summer at sunrise; the miserable creatures, unlocked from the metal rings that attach them to the wall, are presented with their meagre breakfasts, which they eat in the stern presence of their gaolers; two by two they emerge, and wait to have their fetters examined; and then they are harnessed to those vast mason's tumbrils termed "devil's waggons" by the prison inmates, or employed in hoisting great guns, or in piling ball, or in other tremendous agonies of labour until noon. Dinner is served in a disgusting fashion, without regard to cleanliness or even decency. Then work once more until the evening. At eight the signal is for silence, if not for sleep. The human beasts

are ironed to their hard couches, and nothing is heard beyond the ring of the turnkey's hammer, as he sounds the window-bars and the manacles of those prisoners who are suspected of a conspiracy to escape. Such an offence entails, for the first attempt, a flogging, hideously inflicted, and for the second death, with the last ignominy of the body being dragged in a black cart, decorated with skulls and cross-bones, to the mouth of a gaping pit, and flung into the darkness of a common and un consecrated tomb. We recommend these severities to the advocates of intensified punishment in our penal establishments. But we would also suggest a plain comparison between them and their unquestioned results. There is a guillotine attached to every great prison throughout the French empire, and the freedom of its use at Cayenne has, we are informed, attracted the serious attention of the Imperial Government. Instances have been known, as at first, for example, in which two convicts having agreed to gamble for a warder's life, the one cheated the other at cards, and imposed upon him by fraud the bloody task. A blow on the head with a ponderous chain completed the career of the victim. Within two hours, as the French narrator boasts, a scaffold "was dressed" in presence of a thousand kneeling culprits, and two heads paid the price of the turnkey's murder. These extremes of retribution, of course, are rare; but there is no exaggerating the general austerities of the galleys. The prisons of Eccellino, the awful dark-nesses of Volterra, were not more revolting to the human imagination than are the long-established gaols—with their dark-browed gates, their incessant clang of iron, their miserable monotony of toil, their scanty food and cold dormitories—of Marseilles, or Brest, or Toulon, or than the crime-haunted islets in the creeks of Cayenne. We must seek in other directions than that of cruelty for the antidote which shall eradicate the moral poison imbibed, heaven knows when, or how, or at whose responsibility, by our criminal classes. The man Maurice, standing on the steps of the scaffold, is a lesson in himself. The law, in all conscience, had been severe enough with him, from his childhood upwards, until it has made him a murderer and condemned him to death.

THE coroner's jury which sat on the bodies of the children discovered in the roof of Whitechapel Church will hardly be considered to have done their duty to the public. It is true they appended to their verdict some stringent censures both upon the law and upon the conduct of the sexton of the church. The most important part of their "finding" is, "that it is the practice of undertakers to receive certificates for the burial of still-born children from midwives or any other females," to which they added, as well they might, that "the jurors feel that such a practice affords facilities for the perpetration of abortion and infanticide, and they recommend that any person burying, or assisting to bury, a still-born child, without a proper medical certificate, shall incur the penalty of a misdemeanour." Now, this is all very well, and no one that has read the evidence can come to any other conclusion than that which the jury have so embodied in their verdict. Indeed, it is precisely the conclusion which we came to upon the evidence given on the first day of the inquiry. But we are not prepared for the very singular result that, whereas the number of coffins containing the remains of children was thirteen or thereabouts, the verdict of the jury applies to the body of one child only. Concerning that child there was evidence before the jury that it had lived for several weeks; possibly, it was thought, three months. Another child was identified, and deposited as a still-born. The only notice the jury took of the latter is contained in their recommendation for an amendment of the law, which will no doubt receive due attention. And with regard to the former, they returned an open verdict, "That it was found in the roof of Whitechapel Church and that, from the lapse of time, there was no evidence to prove how it came by its death."

So far, the jury did all they were warranted to do by the evidence. But why should the eleven other children be passed *sub silentio*? Doubtless, there was no evidence forthcoming to show where they came from; who were their parents; whether they had been born alive or not, and, if the former, how they came by their deaths. Further inquiry on any of these points must have proved unavailing. Of the two individuals on whom the suspicion of having been concerned in the concealment of the bodies in the strange place in which they were discovered fell, one has gone to Australia and the other is himself numbered with the dead. But although it was impossible to trace the antecedents of the other eleven little corpses, we cannot but think that a judicial record of their discovery should have been preserved in the form of a verdict by a coroner's jury. No harm could, but a great deal of good might, have resulted from such a record of the fact that such a number of children's bodies had been found; but that whether they were still-born, or had come by their deaths unfairly, and how they came to be placed in the extraordinary position in which they were found, there was no evidence to show. With all deference to the learned coroner, we fail to perceive what better proof there is that the children found in Whitechapel Church were "still-borns," and not murdered children, than there is with regard to the great number of bodies "found in parcels about the streets," to which he justly remarked that a suspicion of infanticide always attaches. Why should it, any more than to the bodies discovered in the roof of Whitechapel Church? What right had the coroner, and the jury under his direction, to assume that the eleven little corpses were all those of still-borns? Is not the very fact of a coroner disposing thus summarily of the discovery of a number of infant corpses calculated to endorse that feeling of indifference to infanticide which appears to prevail so largely, not among undertakers only, but among a numerous class of "midwives."

THE CORK MODEL OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The maker of this remarkable monument of patient industry, an agricultural labourer named Anderton, is said to have collected no less than £800 from the visitors. He has expended his money in the building of four cottages, which are now nearly completed, and in front of them is a slab with the following inscription:—

"Perseverance, cork, and glue,
One thousand eight hundred and sixty-two."

At the time of the Exhibition Anderton was a totally uneducated man; but since then he has made great progress, being his own instructor.

General News.

An Antwerp letter has the following in reference to the Queen's embarkation there for England:—"Her Majesty was received there by Mr. Grattan, the British consul, and several English families who happened to be residing at Antwerp, who saluted her during her progress in the usual loyal and respectful manner. Although her Majesty was travelling incognito, it appears to us that the authorities of a city such as ours are bound, no matter what may be the incognito observed by a Sovereign, to make certain convenient arrangements for the reception and departure of a royal visitor, which we are sorry to say were not observed on this occasion. For example, although the ground was wet and slippery this morning, no such thing as a carpet had been laid down at the place where her Majesty was to alight, and down the stairs to the water side. Mr. Grattan, the consul for England, seeing this indecorous omission, rushed at the last moment on board the English steamer *Mosell*, which had only arrived that morning in the river, and, obtaining a loan of the cabin carpet of that vessel, was enabled to remedy the inconvenience to which her Majesty was about to be exposed. The Queen of England and her family having bowed their acknowledgments to the salutations that accompanied them, entered the Belgian royal boat, commanded by Captain Petit, and were speedily conducted on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*, British royal yacht. Shortly afterwards this vessel raised her anchor, and moved down the river, followed by the other vessels that formed the royal suite.

The eminent Russian comedian, Schtepkine, the father of the Russian stage at Moscow, where he had performed for forty years, has just died at Yalta, in the Crimea. Schtepkine was born a serf, and made his first appearance in the company of his lord and master, Toulonov. Notwithstanding his obscure birth he was always regarded with much distinction even in the most aristocratic circles of Moscow, in which he was always welcome. His influence on the Russian stage was immense, and all the pupils instructed by him were always distinguished by great ease in their acting, and by an intelligent appreciation of their parts.

We are glad to see that a committee, including H.R.B. the Duke of Cambridge, has been formed for the purpose of raising a memorial to the late Lord Clyde.

A MARRIAGE of a remarkable character took place at Alcester parish church, on Saturday. The bride, "Peggy Paine," found her way to church on crutches, and was there met by the bridegroom, George Smith. Their united ages amounted to 130 years. They were married in due form, and on leaving the church departed to their respective homes by different routes.—*Hull Herald*.

THE Portuguese Government has just built a gunboat, which was launched last week. It carries only a single gun, but bears the imposing name of *Terror des Mares*, the Terror of the Sea.

A PLEASANT story is told of a conversation between two sailors who saw the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain climbing up the side of his yacht in a marine jacket and trousers. "I think, Jack," said the sailor, as he turned a knowing look to his messmate, "this is the first time one ever saw a short Chancellor suit."—*Court Journal*.

In the inaugural sitting of the Statistical Congress, now meeting at Berlin, Dr. Farre alluded to the merits of the late Prince Consort, when the gentlemen present, on the motion of the Minister of the Interior, rose from their seats to honour the memory of the deceased patron of science and art.

It is rumoured that the state of affairs in Japan has determined the Government to increase the force in China by one regiment, which will be available for the protection of British subjects in the dominions of the Tycoon.

THE Hon. P. E. de Roubaix, M.O.L., of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, had the honour of being invited to an interview with his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, at Buckingham Palace. To mark his appreciation of the demonstrations made by the South Africans on the occasion of his visit to that colony in 1860, Prince Alfred, on his return from Germany, no sooner heard that M. de Roubaix was about leaving England, than he forwarded a special telegram, inviting the hon. gentleman to meet him at the palace, which of course was immediately complied with.

It appears from the sixteen population tables just issued that when the census was taken there were 73,434 foreigners in England and Wales.

WHEN the census was taken there were in England and Wales 19,352 blind persons, and 12,236 deaf and dumb persons.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created in Marlborough on Saturday evening about six o'clock, by the report that Mr. Sixty had just lost his valuable racer, Ebor, which had the same week won him two heavy stakes. It seems that the animal shied and turned the saddle under him, throwing the jockey. It then started off at full speed, and in coming down Kingsbury-street the saddle became disengaged, but the animal keeping up its speed at full gallop ran against Crook's Corner, Silverless street, and dashed out its brains against the wall. Mr. Sixty's loss is variously estimated at from £400 to £1,000.—*Wiltshire Journal*.

THE Paris papers state that, before leaving for Greece, King George will pay a visit to the Czar, who is one of the protecting sovereigns of that State.

THE Hon. Henry Cowper, the eldest son of Earl Cowper, is to be the Liberal candidate for the representation of Tamworth, rendered vacant by the accession of Lord Raynham to the peerage.

It is reported at Kingston, Jamaica, at the date of the last accounts, that the government of the island had been offered to the Duke of Buckingham, but that he made known his unwillingness to accept it unless the salary attached to the office were increased to £7,000 or £8,000 per annum.

THE LADY REBELS OF POLAND.

THE Russian *Invalid* gives the following picturesque account of the part played by the Polish ladies in the Polish insurrection:—"The Polish ladies chiefly aid the insurrection in the secret retreats of the domestic hearth and the hospitals. They stimulate the courage of the men in the bosom of their families; they excite the martial ardour of sons, husbands, and lovers; they pass sleepless nights by the pillows of the agonized and dying, of whom they have no other knowledge than that of the wounds which they received in the sacred cause of the country. All the combined resources of their feminine seductiveness, of their persistent affection, and of their inexhaustible patriotism, are employed in acts of heroic devotion and self abnegation. They spend long hours in the prison court-yards, waiting for permission to enter the cells and to visit the prisoners. Whenever a patriot has been the victim of persecution, or struck down in battle, the Polish women are the first to afford consolation and assistance. Their prompt and daring intelligence, joined to great natural tact, makes them powerful auxiliaries of the insurrection. We can positively assert that were it not for the impulse and concurrence of the Polish women the movement would not have continued so long. It is the women who make the most effective and daring spies; who are the safest agents for communicating important information to the insurgents. The National Government confides to them the most difficult missions, and has never had occasion to repent of the confidence so bestowed. Their ready invention suggests at critical moments the most ingenious combinations, which are afterwards carried out by the bold and energetic hands of the men. At every turn we have to deal with Polish women and priests, and this is a power which we must take into account."

HORRIBLE STARVATION OF A FAMILY IN BETHNAL-GREEN.

At an inquiry, by Mr. John Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, at the Whitechapel Tavern, Church-row, Bethnal-green, respecting the death of James Edward Howard, aged ten months, the following cruel case of starvation was disclosed:—"The jury proceeded to view the body of deceased, which lay at No. 21, Burley-street. It presented a spectacle of emaciation that was shocking to witness, the bones almost protruding through the skin, and the eyes being quite sunken in the head."

Mrs. S. Parsons, 12, Fulley-street, said that the mother of the deceased child was a night nurse at the London Hospital, and she came to witness and aid her to mind three children for 5s. per week. The eldest child was a boy, aged eleven years. She told witness that she had fed the children on bread and water, and that witness was to do the same. Witness had the children under her for a week only. They were in a dreadful state when they got there. They were shockingly emaciated, and their bodies were covered with sores. When their clothes were taken off witness was quite sickened by the sight. Their fingers were sore, where they had sucked and gnawed them from want of food. Witness's husband went for a police constable, but he could do nothing, and, for fear any of them should die in her care, the children were sent back to the mother. All that the latter gave for the children during the week that witness had them was bread and water. There were only two cups of milk given during that time. There was a little sugar. They were so reduced that they could not eat the bread, and witness, out of her own pocket, gave them arrow-root, which so brought them round that they became ravenous for food. Since then, the eldest boy was removed to his aunt's, in Whitechapel, and witness saw him recently in the street in a most wretched condition. The youngest child died on the previous Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah Anne Howard said that she had lived with a builder named Howard as his wife, and had four children by him. He promised her marriage, but he abandoned her in April last. She was a night nurse in the London Hospital, and lost her milk for deceased through being up all night. She denied that she directed that her children should be fed on bread and water. She gave them arrow-root and milk, and other food, as far as lay in her power. She had employed different persons to take care of them. Mrs. Parsons refused to have anything to do with them. Witness took deceased to Mr. Colman, at the hospital, who prescribed for him. Mr. Colman gave a certificate of the death without having seen the child for a fortnight before death, and without having seen it at all after death.

The Coroner said that if certificates of death were to be given in such a lax manner the most serious evils would follow.

Ellen Taylor, niece of last witness, said that it was false to say that the children gnawed their fingers from want of food. When they were under her care, the mother gave plenty of food for them. The mother had 16s. 6d. per week from the hospital, and out of that she paid 8s. 6d. for witness and her mother to take care of the children, and 1s. 6d. for rent of a room.

By the Coroner: The children's fingers were sore. The boy's were better, for he had a habit of sucking them. The mother was constantly visiting a widow named Webster, who lived opposite. His wife was only recently dead. She spent more time with him than with her own children.

This witness prevaricated so much that she had to be cautioned by the coroner as to the consequences of not stating the truth.

Mrs. Parsons claimed the protection of the coroner, and said that Mrs. Howard was threatening her for the evidence she had given. The Coroner said he would commit any person molesting a witness. The case wore a very serious aspect, but the proceedings must be now adjourned for a day.

Dr. Gay, senior surgeon of the Great Northern Hospital, said that he had made a post mortem examination of the body of the deceased. It was dreadfully emaciated. Deceased had been suffering from atrophy, which was the cause of death. A child in such a condition ought to have received great care. Witness had not heard the evidence previously given, and consequently he could not give any opinion as to whether the treatment the deceased had been subjected to had had anything to do with the death.

Mr. Burrows, the coroner's officer, said that a girl of seventeen years of age, who knew how the children had been treated by their mother, and who could give important evidence, had left her home and absconded.

The Coroner, in summing up, said that, though the evidence would not substantiate a criminal charge, there had been gross neglect and want of feeling on the part of the mother.

The jury returned a verdict of "Death from atrophy," and said that the conduct of the mother, in neglecting her children, was highly censurable. At the request of the jury, Mrs. Howard was called in and formally censured by the coroner. She coolly said, "Give me the certificate of the child's death; that is all I want." The Coroner indignantly ordered her to leave the court. The proceedings then terminated.

SUGAR FROM SERPENTS' SKINS.—In 1861, M. de Luca made some experiments from which it appeared that the skins cast off by shrews might be transformed into sugar. The same chemist has now sent in a paper to the Academy of Sciences, in which he describes a similar process for changing serpents' skins into sugar. These skins contain a small quantity of substance resembling the cellulose of plants, soluble in ammoniacal solution of copper, and transformable into glucose, which reduces the tartrate of copper and potash, and ferments under the influence of yeast, yielding thereby carbonic acid and alcohol. Concentrated sulphuric acid and a solution of potash are the best reagents for depriving serpents' skins of their nitrogenous matter; the residue, although very refractory to chemical agents, may nevertheless be transformed into fermentable glucose, recognizable from its property of reducing the tartrate of copper and potash. Thus, M. de Luca boiled fifty grammes of serpents' skins in a litre of water containing forty grammes of caustic potash, the skins having been previously treated with concentrated sulphuric acid. The liquid having been allowed to cool, a great deal of water was added, and the undissolved residue was several times washed by decantation, and then treated with ammoniacal solution of copper, whereby an alkaline solution was obtained, which, on being neutralized by hydrochloric acid, yielded a white precipitate; this, heated in slight acidulated water, reduced the tartrate of copper and potash, thereby showing that it was a glucose, or the base of sugar. In another somewhat similar operation glucose was obtained which fermented in contact with yeast, producing carbonic acid and alcohol. The former was completely absorbed by caustic potash; the alcohol extracted from the solution by distillation, and insulated by means of crystallized carbonate of potash, was nearly pure, since it would burn without leaving any residue; rubbed between the hands it evaporated, emitting an agreeable smell, though still partaking of that of animal matter. From all this it may be concluded that serpents' skins contain a very small quantity of sugary matter or glucose.—*Galignani*.

The question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advertisement.]

DUCKING A WIZARD.—DEATH OF THE VICTIM.

THE case of the old Frenchman, known by the name of Dummy, who was assaulted by Emma Smith (assisted by two men named Stammers and Gibson), at Sible Hedingham, under the belief that he had bewitched her, has assumed a much more serious aspect by the death of the victim of their superstition and brutality. The old man died in the Union-house on Friday last. This made an inquiry before the coroner necessary, and the inquest was held at the Union-house on Monday last. John Pett, shoemaker, Sible Hedingham, deposed: "On Monday, August 3rd, I saw deceased sitting on the road outside the Swan, at Sible Hedingham; there was a crowd outside: a woman named Emma Smith stood by his side; she wanted him to go home with her, and said she would give him three sovereigns. A man named Samuel Stammers also stood by. After deceased refused to go home with Mrs. Smith, she began to drag him towards the brook. He got on his feet after awhile, when near the brook, and I thought both went in. I saw deceased lying in the brook. I saw Mrs. Smith push him, and he fell back into the water. She pushed him back again when he tried to get out. He afterwards got out, and Mrs. Smith then beat him with his stick upon the shoulders. I told her not to do so. She kicked him. They went down the lane, and I soon after heard a splash. I went, and saw deceased in the water; Stammers was lifting him up in the water. Mrs. Smith was close by. They got him out, and laid him on the grass. He made a noise as of water in his throat. He tried to get in at Ames's and the Swan, but afterwards was led home to his hut. I wished him to change his clothing. I then left. He had a cough upon him before this happened. Henrietta Garrad (ten years) said that Mrs. Smith beat deceased across the head and shoulders with a stick, called him an 'Old devil,' and said she would serve him out, as he had served her out. He tried to bite her, but she dragged him to the brook, and shoved him into the middle. After he had got out they put him in again. Mr. W. V. Fowke described the deceased's state on the following morning, when he found him wet and cold, having lain in his wet clothes, which were covered with mud and slime. Witness had him undressed, and looked after. He appeared to be in great pain when his clothes were being removed. On the 6th he was removed to Haledon Union workhouse. Mr. A. Megget, assistant to Mr. D. Sinclair, said, I attended Dummy on his arrival at the workhouse. He was much exhausted, and had bruises upon his arm and shoulders. He died on Friday last. He laboured under an affection of the lungs. I have to-day assisted at a post mortem examination. There was extensive disease of long standing. The lungs were inflamed, and there was adhesion of the pericardium to the heart of long standing; the kidneys were diseased; the proximate cause of death was pneumonia, caused by immersion, but there were symptoms of long-standing bronchitis. George Jenkins, of Sible Hedingham, barber, spoke to the treatment deceased received at the hands of the parties. Mr. D. Sinclair said: I attended Dummy at the workhouse. He had bruises on the right shoulder, and pointed to his left side as if suffering there. His breathing was quiet, and he was without fever. In a day or two fever and coughing came on. I examined him with a stethoscope and found the usual symptoms of bronchitis in front, and posterior inflammation of the lungs. I have made a post mortem examination, and found both lungs thoroughly disorganized. The cause of death was disease of the lungs and kidneys, resulting from immersion and sleeping in wet clothes. The inquiry was here adjourned.—*Chesham Chronicle*.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHANNEL FLEET IN THE MERSEY.

THE vessels composing the Channel fleet arrived safely in the Mersey on Monday afternoon, and took up their moorings in the Slope. No nautical event, except the visit of the Queen and the late Prince Consort to the port, has ever created so much interest and enthusiasm in Liverpool and the dock quays, landing stages, and ferry boats were crowded with eager and excited spectators. There was, comparatively, little display of bunting from the ships in dock, and in the river. On rounding the Rock Fort, the vessels were saluted by a discharge of artillery, and the fort on the Liverpool side (at Bootle) also saluted. The vessels entered the river in full sail, and when they had all rounded the Rock, and were sailing proudly and slowly in line past the town, the spectacle—used as the inhabitants of Liverpool are to the finest specimens of shipping—was so unique and imposing as to call forth loud and hearty cheers. Then abreast the smaller landing stage the sails of the ships were furled, and the vessels shortly afterwards took up their respective moorings. The *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, conspicuous for their double funnels, extraordinary length, and fine models, excited general admiration, which was enhanced by the rapidity and dexterity with which, in these and in the other ships, the sails appeared to be handled. The mayor and a number of gentlemen representing various public bodies went out in the Cunard steam tender *Satellite*, to meet the fleet. On going on board the *Edgar* the mayor was introduced to Admiral Dares, and read an address in which he welcomed him and the officers and men of the squadron to Liverpool. The admiral replied, and remarked that he had not come to Liverpool to recruit, but that if he had done so he could not wish for better sailors than could be found there.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

We take the following from the *Melbourne Argus* of the 25th of July:—

"The news received from the Northern Island of New Zealand during the month has been of a very grave character, and, indeed, taught us to expect still graver consequences. The war—for less it can scarcely be called, when comparing the attitude taken by the natives and their known numbers and resources—has assumed an aspect which threatens incalculable evils to the cause of civilization in the entire island, and the powers of the Queen's troops stationed in the colony will be tasked to their utmost. News up to the 14th inst. tells that the tactics of General Cameron, by which all the troops, except a garrison, were withdrawn from Taranaki, have immensely encouraged the natives; that 5,000 of the warlike Waikatos have taken the field; that even Auckland was threatened; and that the rebel Maoris had captured an English schooner, hoisted Witemu King's colours, and, in bravado, sailed up and down before Government-house. A few days' later intelligence corroborates all this and informs us that preparations are being made on all sides for a most earnest campaign. From this it is evident that our New Zealand difficulties have done little more than begin. The colonists, however, appear to have entire confidence in General Cameron, and his well-known spirit and ability certainly justify their hope that in his hands the re-establishment of British supremacy is scarcely a matter of doubt. Our very latest news comes per telegraph from Auckland via Sydney. The promised fighting had not yet occurred, and the Waikatos were busy entreating themselves. Volunteers were on duty at Auckland, the available troops were ordered to the front, and the Governor has issued directions requiring the Maories to lay down their arms and swear allegiance. Everything betokened an energetic prosecution of hostilities."

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]



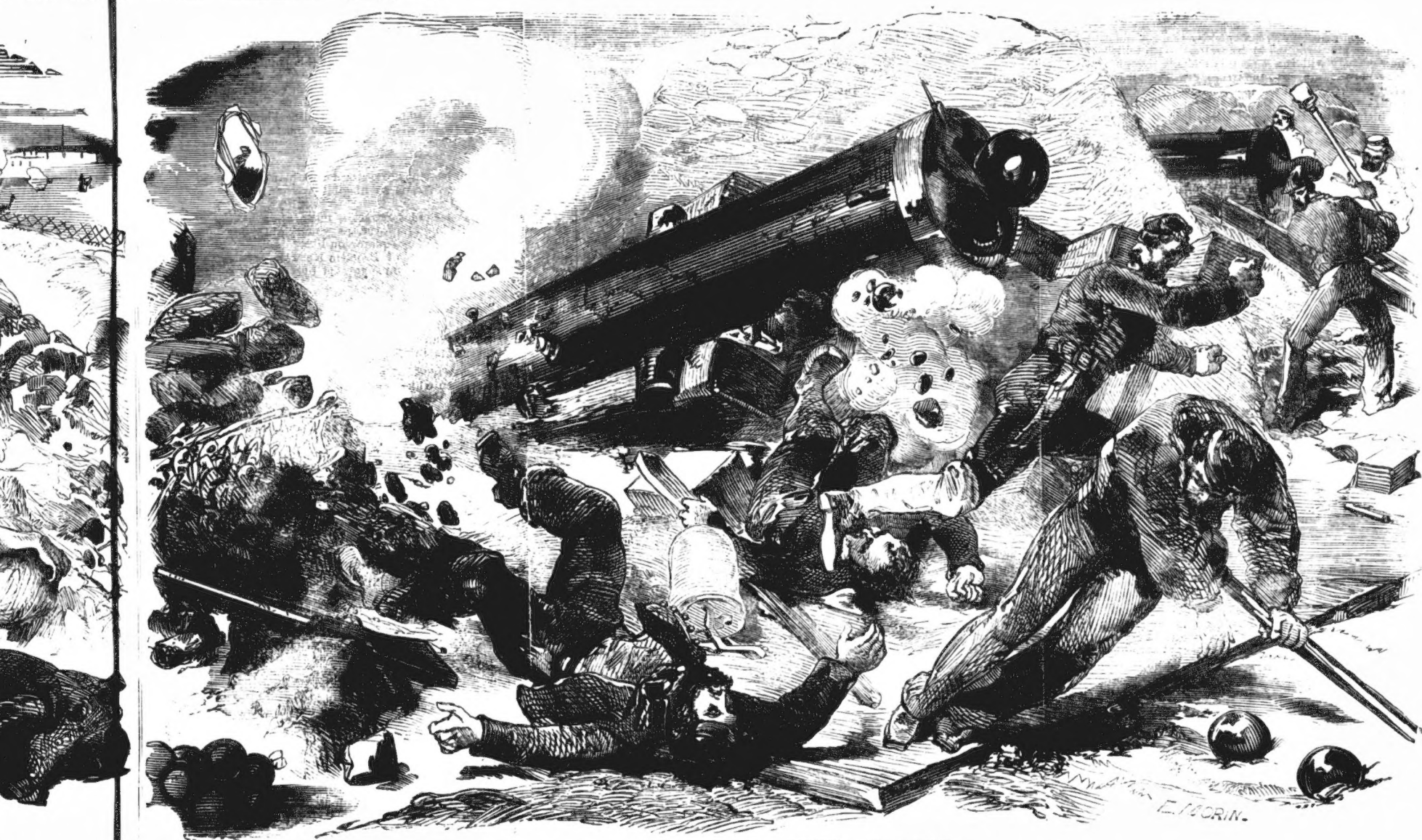
GENERAL GILMORE VISITING THE BATTERIES



FEDERAL BATTERY BEFORE CHARLESTON. (See page 209.)



THE BATTLES 111ORE CHARLESTON. (See page 209.)



RUINS OF FORT SUMTER. (See page 209.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—By the opening of this great national establishment we are apprized that the regular dramatic season, after a long period of torpor, has recommenced. Mr. Edmund Falconer, the lessee, has, in the interval, allied himself with Mr. F. B. Chatterton, long known to the theatrical world as one of the most painstaking and assiduous of acting managers. On Saturday, the doors of Old Drury were thrown open to an eager, anxious, and vast audience, who speedily occupied every seat in the theatre. The lessee, as we announced in our last number, opened with a new comedy, from his own pen, entitled, "Nature's Above Art: a Romance of the Nursery." The plot of this consists in the incidents attending the search for the heir to an estate—the real Simon Pure, at its birth, having been changed by the nurse. The ostensible heir, Edgar (Mr. Belmore), is anxiously expected by his supposed parent, Mr. Mordaunt (Mr. Ryder), from distant lands. At this juncture, a romantically-disposed chamber-maid, Sally Stiggins (Miss Charlotte Saunders), who borrows her high-toned speeches from exciting novels in penny numbers, tells the story of a sweetheart, named Edgar, who used to talk to her for hours at the area steps when she was a house-servant in Belgravia, and a grave suspicion is aroused. This is strengthened when we find the supposed heir, though regularly receiving large cheques from his father to defray imaginary travelling expenses, has expended them in low-life dissipation with a prize-fighter, Bill Puddick (Mr. Addison), and with a more polished, but not less suitable companion, Meander Wilderspoon (Mr. Walter Lacy), who, occupying the position of tutor, connives at all his irregularities, and conceals from paternal knowledge all his vices. The coarse vulgarity of Edgar Mordaunt raises a doubt as to the validity of his claims, and a hint let fall by the housekeeper in soliloquy, that "a clown can never be turned into a gentleman—nature's above art in that respect," adds strength to the impression. Miss Ellen Lacy (Miss Murray), a niece of Mr. Mordaunt, arrives at the old hall in company with a schoolfellow, Blanche Maydew (Miss R. Leclercq), who is a foundling with a mysterious story. Mordaunt observes, in the old style, on the first interview—"Ha! that voice—those features! Bless me, what a resemblance to my lost—ah!" The housekeeper, evidently conscience-stricken, looks at the new comer, conceals her face, and ejaculates "Great heaven!" and the niece for the first time appears to be struck with the wonderful resemblance which her old schoolfellow bears to her deceased aunt. At the time the late Mrs. Mordaunt became a mother the joys of maternity were shared by Mrs. Stiggins, a domestic in her service. According to the housekeeper, a change of babies then took place, so that the aspiring Sally Stiggins, the chambermaid, is now recognised as the daughter of Mr. Mordaunt; whilst the vulgar Edgar, whose tastes have betrayed his inferior descent, relapses into plain Stiggins, and is only the son of a poor countryman. It is now Sally's turn to give herself fine airs, and consider whether, in her present position in the social scale, she can stoop to wed an Edgar Stiggins. But there is more mystery yet. Mr. Mordaunt's brother-in-law, Oldacre, joins the family party, and startles them with the disclosure that the child brought up as a female was a male, avouched on the dying declaration of a nurse, long ago defunct. In the third act all perplexity is made intelligible. Mrs. Confidence Caudle, the housekeeper, has made a mistake about the change of the children. A miniature Mrs. Gamp is called in, and pours forth a long history of her experiences, from which it is gathered that the gawky youth who was to be foisted off as the heir of the Mordaunt estate, may be identified by the mark of a pickled walnut on his left arm, as the son of Mrs. Confidence. His scapegrace tutor, who has suddenly reformed and been accepted as the future husband of Mr. Mordaunt's niece, having carefully considered the laws prohibiting marriage within certain degrees of consanguinity, proves himself, by a long story and a short letter, to be the son of Mr. Mordaunt, and the right heir to the estate; and the mysterious foundling turns out to be the daughter of Squire Oldacre and the housekeeper, Mrs. Confidence, between whom a secret marriage had taken place, under peculiar circumstances, that amidst the general round of explanations are not permitted to transpire. With a little curtailment, the new comedy will run smoothly enough, though we imagine more tangible advantages to the treasury will result from the production of "Manfred," with our first tragedian, Mr. Phelps, acting the excellent fero of "A Day Well Spent" formed the afterpiece, introducing Miss Harcourt as Miss Harriett Cotton, and presenting Mr. F. Charles and Mr. G. Belmore as the erratic couple, Bolt and Mizzle. This evening, the comedy is to be succeeded by a new serio-comic drama, by Mr. F. C. Barnard, called "The Deal Boatmen."

HAYMARKET.—Opens on Monday with the revived drama of "Charles the Twelfth" and "The Bengal Tiger." The whole of the interior of the theatre has in the recess undergone a complete restoration.

SURREY.—The opening of the Surrey Theatre is always an event to playgoers on the Surrey side of the water; and the advent amongst them, in the character of joint manager with Mr. Shepherd, of the celebrated tragedian, Mr. James Anderson, created quite a furore. "The Scottish Chief; or, the Maid of Elderslie," in five acts, arranged and prepared by Mr. Anderson, was the opening piece, the basis of which is a tragedy called "Wallace," produced at Covent Garden Theatre upwards of forty years ago, and may still be remembered as having extended the early reputation of Mr. Macready, who then personated the gallant hero. The scenic resources of the theatre are prominently displayed in the first and second acts, which include a massive "set" of the fortifications and drawbridge of Stirling Castle, and a well-devised banquetting-hall; the real interest of the drama begins, however, with the third act, and thence steadily increases to the end. The marriage of Wallace with Helen Marr, "the Maid of Elderslie," excites the animosity of the base Monteith, who has ineffectually sought her hand; the Scotch are defeated at the battle of Falkirk, and Wallace is compelled to fly with his few faithful followers. Seldom has a situation been more effectively contrived than that of Wallace escaping from the hunting-tower at Glenfinlas, where he has taken refuge, by swinging himself bodily from an upper window on to the frail bridge that spans a foaming torrent below. As the soldiers of King Edward, eager for the price set upon the fugitive hero's head, have closed every other mode of egress, and the dripping-cup handed at the moment by the faithful Helen momentarily distracts the attention of the vigilant sentinel who watches without, the rejoicing of the audience over the baffled Southrons becomes of itself a sensation to witness. When, however, the fair Helen is about to be carried off and the gallant Sir James Douglas rushes down the rocks to save his sister, regardless of the number of his opponents, public enthusiasm increases, attaining its height as Wallace reappears at the moment of extreme risk, and in a short but decisive combat rescues his fond wife and trusty friend from their imminent danger. On this tableau the act-drop falls, and nothing less than the reappearance of the doughty champions of the lady they have so bravely fought for will satisfy the clamorous approvers of the heroic deed. The betrayal of Wallace by the perfidious Monteith, who receives the retribution of a sword-thrust, occupies the fourth act; and in the fifth takes place the execution of the unfortunate chieftain on Tower-hill, though the actual decapitation, which on the first night naturally shocked the susceptibility of the beholders, is not now rendered appallingly visible. Ad-

mirably put upon the stage, with all those picturesque accessories that belong to the place and period of the story, an impressive drama is made more effective by the excellent acting of those engaged in it. The stalwart figure and powerful voice of Mr. James Anderson are of great advantage in helping the realization of one of Scotland's most popular heroes. The thorough knowledge of his art, acquired by years of constant practice, is also displayed in every tone and gesture, and the pure patriotism and fine chivalric feeling of the character could not have been more ably depicted. The other parts were also sustained with no little energy. The treacherous Monteith is made sufficiently prominent by Mr. Charles Vincent. Mr. James Fernandez is a truly spirited representative of the brave Douglas; and Mr. J. H. Fitzpatrick, as the hero's henchman, who disposes of an intrusive Southern by running him through, and quietly throwing the body into a stream at hand, by that act alone may consider himself established in public favour. The heroic Helen Marr was rendered by Miss Georgina Pannocott an exceedingly interesting figure in the group, and the subsidiary personages were represented with unusual care. Of the new scenery, by Messrs. Charles Brew and J. Johnson, we may speak in high praise. The view near the field of battle, and the mountain gorge of Glenfinlas, seen under the successive aspects of sunrise and moonlight, with a passing storm most effectively managed, ought greatly to extend the reputation of the artist, Mr. Charles Brew. As an indication of the highest kind of drama with which the allied managers propose to raise the theatrical taste of the neighbourhood, the "Scottish Chief" may be regarded as perfectly satisfactory, and its reception should induce encouraging hopes for the future of that campaign which has been so unprosperously commenced.

Mr. Rosenthal (the eminent baritone), with whom is associated Mr. Parkinson, Madame Tonnellier, &c., are playing grand opera at the Theatre Royal, Hull.

Sporting.

THE ST. LEGER RACE.

Lord Clifden	1
Queen Bertha	2
Borealis	3

CHARLES MATHEWS AT PARIS.

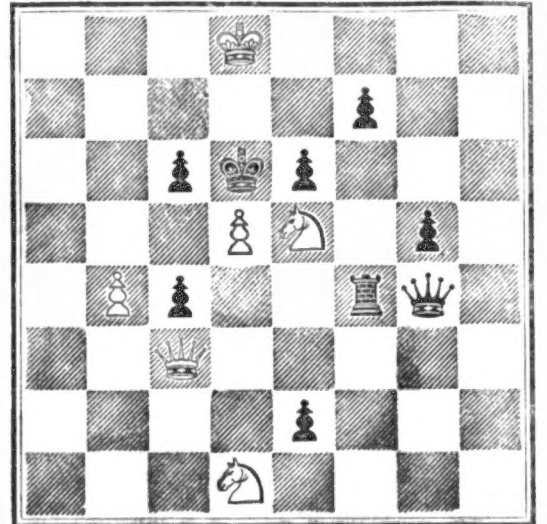
A PARIS letter contains the following description of Mr. C. Mathews at a French theatre:—"Charles Mathews, the well-known comedian, has performed a feat which is probably without a precedent. In Paris, at a French theatre, he has acted the principal part in a French vaudeville, written by himself—a complication of audacities which Fortune, who loves the bold, might be expected eminently to favour. Mr. Mathews came out on Monday at the Varieties in the one-act vaudeville, "Un Anglais Timide." There had been no preliminary flourish of trumpets, and Paris learnt the hazardous venture from that morning's playbills. Brown, the timid Briton, had been sent abroad by his father to acquire assurance. At least this is the account he gives of himself to a certain *Monsieur Gogo*, into whose house he introduces himself with a remarkable absence of ceremony, as a particular friend of his son, with whom he has been travelling on the Rhine. *Gogo pere* is soon of opinion that the object of *Brown* senior in sending his son abroad has been attained with a superior degree of completeness. *Brown junior* makes himself perfectly at home in the *casa Gogo*, invites himself to breakfast, makes love to the niece, romps with the maid, doubles up his host by facetious punches in the ribs, sings a patter song in English and a *soi-disant* Neapolitan ditty with guitar accompaniment, and is active, voluble, and impudent as only Charles Mathews can be—and as nobody could have expected that he would be when acting in a foreign tongue. During the first two-thirds of the piece it bade fair to be a complete success. The audience was evidently greatly amused, and laughed heartily at the impudence and eccentricities of the English traveller in a very short coat and very big buttons. But the piece dragged a little towards the end, a part of the audience got impatient, and the curtain at last fell upon what a French journal to-day says was only a demi-success. The audience was certainly not disposed to indulgence towards a foreigner attempting for the first time so difficult an achievement. I heard a Frenchman who sat behind me remark dryly to his friend, 'On regrette mieux les acteurs Français à Londres.' (French actors are better received in London), and I think the Frenchman spoke the truth. The actors of the Varieties seemed to do their best to support their new comrade, especially the ladies, who were manifestly unable to help laughing themselves at his eccentricities. The piece remains on the bills."

THE LATE LORD PLUNKET.

An interesting anecdote of the late Lord Plunket, recalled to the narrator by the recent erection of a statue to his memory in the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin, is published. "E. T. M. Donagh," who has furnished *Sanders's News-Letter* with the particulars of that episode, says:—"When the late Lord Plunket was Attorney-General for Ireland, my deceased father had a suit-at-law dragging on its slow length between the Rolls Court and the Court of Chancery. It was at long-run set down for final hearing, and the Right Hon. the Attorney-General was engaged as leader with a fee of £10 10s., and a brief sent to his house. The opposing leader was the Right Hon. Mr. Laurin; also, Messrs. Crampton and Green (afterwards judges). The cause was two days at hearing. I happened to be at the time in Dublin, and about mid-day walked into the Court of Chancery on the third and last day of hearing. I was then very young and buoyed up with wild enthusiasm of effervescent spirits. I listened for a short time to one of the opposing counsel (Mr. Crampton), who happened to be addressing the court on behalf of the defendants (my father being plaintiff), and without a moment's reflection or preparation I took from my pocket a small cross, which I grasped in my right hand, and the words 'In hoc signo vinces' on my lips, I stood up and solicited the honour of being heard for a few moments. The court, the bar, and all were taken as if by electricity; the honour I sought for was at once accorded to me, in a sweet mild voice from the bench, from the lips of a thin, delicate man (Lord Manners). I was stating the unvarnished tale in so telling a manner, that one of the defendants urged on counsel to compel me to sit down. 'You shall not,' replied Mr. Plunket; 'you would do a disgraceful act—the lady must be heard out,' and sure enough I was heard out. At the conclusion of my address my head reeled, my eyes swam, and the scene before me was chaos—that chaos I shall never forget. On my leaving the gallery from whence I left the court, I was met by counsel, who told me a decree was pronounced in my father's favour, and that the attorney-general wished to see me at his house the next morning before court hour. On awakening the next morning the events of the previous day appeared as a dream to me, but on becoming conscious, I was soon on my way to Stephen's-green, where the late Lord Plunket then resided. I was speedily in presence of the great and good man, who joyously complimented me on my debut at the bar, handed me back his fee of £10 10s., and told me, 'should I ever require a friend in court to call on him.' My reply was—'God bless you, sir, I hope I shall soon see you Lord Chancellor.' He said that day for England, and when next he was in court it was as Lord Chancellor of Ireland."

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 133—By C. W. (of Sunbury).
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

(The above problem has already appeared in another publication, but the omission of a pawn from the diagram rendered the position defective.)

The following little *partie*, played between Herr Rosanes and another amateur, was recently published in the *Berlin Schachzeitung*—

[GIUOCO PIANO.]

White.	Black.
Herr Rosanes.	Amateur.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q 4	3. B to Q 4
4. Castles	4. K Kt to B 3
5. P to Q 4 (a)	5. P takes P (b)
6. P to K 5	6. P to Q 4
7. P takes Kt	7. P takes B
8. R to K square (ch)	8. R to K square (c)
9. P takes P (ch) (d)	9. K takes P
10. Q Kt to Q 2	10. B to K 3
11. Q Kt to K 4	11. B to K 2
12. K Kt to K 5	12. R to K R 4
13. Q to K 5	13. R to K Kt 3
14. Q to B 6 (ch) (e)	14. K takes Q
15. Kt to K 6 (dis ch)	15. K to R 4 (f)
16. Kt to K 7 (ch)	16. K to R 5 (g)
17. P to K B 3	17. B to Q 3 (h)
18. P to K Kt 3 (ch)	18. R takes P
19. P takes B (ch)	19. K to B 6
20. K to B 2	20. K to R 7
21. B to K B 4, and mates next move (i)	

(a) An excellent mode of conducting the attack, originally suggested by Herr Max Lange.

(b) The best reply. The position is now resolved into a well-known form of the Scotch gambit.

(c) Again the correct move. Had he played B to K 3, White would have taken P with P, and then moved Kt to K Kt 5, &c.

(d) B to K Kt 5 is also a good move at this point.

(e) A singularly beautiful coup.

(f) It would have been better to interpose the Bishop.

(g) If K to Kt 5, White mates in three moves.

(h) His only resource to delay the impending blow.

(i) It is rarely in actual play that one meets with so pretty a termination.

B. W.—We shall be happy to forward some blank Chess diagrams. Your signature, however, is so illegibly written, that we cannot decipher it.

T. HAYNES.—You cannot retract a move after having quitted your hold of it. So long, however, as you retain your hold of a piece, you can play it to any square you like.

G. W. B.—Your solution of Problem No. 118 is correct; but it does not admit of the variation suggested by you, as Black's moves are forced.

LEARNER.—If Black took the Knight in the game referred to, the following moves would be the result:—

2. Q to B 6 (ch)	1. Kt takes B
3. Q takes R (ch)	2. Q Kt to K 2
4. R takes B mate	3. Kt takes Q

LIZZIE.—We have received your Problem, but you neglected to indicate the square on which her White Majesty is to be placed—we presume Queen's Knight's fourth square.

J. RICKARDS.—Should a player move out of his turn, his adversary may choose whether both moves shall remain, or the second be retracted.

A MODERN JACK SHEPPARD.—Some time ago a man named James Nugent, confined in Dunee Prison on a charge of robbery, attacked the gaoler, and, securing the keys, let himself out of the prison, and got clean off. About the middle of August Nugent was apprehended near Edinburgh on a similar charge, but was ultimately handed over to the authorities of Berwickshire, when, after being examined at Dunee, he was remitted to the county gaol to await his trial. On his way to Greenlaw from Dunee he offered to wager with the officer who had him in charge that within a stated time he would escape from Greenlaw Gaol, and on Thursday night he made the attempt. About eight o'clock that evening the son of the governor of the gaol, named Johnston, opened Nugent's cell door for the purpose of putting in a hammock, when the prisoner rushed out, armed with two of the legs which he had wrenched from the table in the cell, and struck him on the head and shoulders. The latter, although stunned for a moment, immediately saw the danger of his position, and, seizing hold of Nugent, a desperate struggle took place, Nugent endeavouring to secure the keys of the gaol, which Johnston had in his possession at the time. Johnston called for assistance, and another prisoner who was employed in one of the passages at once went to his help, and Nugent was again locked up in his cell, where he commenced to break the windows and every article that he could vent his fury on. More assistance having been procured, Nugent was put in irons, and removed to the dark cell of the prison. In the cell occupied by the prisoner there was found a rope thirteen yards long, which he had made out of strong twilled sheet, no doubt with a view to assist his contemplated escape.—*Scotsman*.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

MANION HOUSE.

A VERY BAD CASE.—Mrs. Manion, aged 21, a tall, fair, and Christian woman, who is a German, was brought up, and the female prisoner on remand from Saturday, for making an attempt upon her life; and the husband, who had been apprehended on a warrant emanating from this court charging him with an aggravated assault upon the wife, on the previous examination a Mr. Whitwell, a commercial traveller, stated that about twelve o'clock on the previous Friday night, on passing the Monument on his way home to the Borough, he saw the male prisoner knock his wife down in the street. On recovering her feet she went along London-bridge, accompanied by the husband; witness, who was going in the same direction, and apprehending further violence on the part of the man, keeping his eye upon them. When about the middle of the bridge the woman ran into one of the recesses, mounted the parapet, and threw herself partly over, head forward. Witness rushed forward and seized her by the dress held her in that position until a police constable came to his assistance, and assisted him in pulling her back on to the bridge. While they were so engaged the husband stood in the recess of the bridge, and by his manner and language convinced at the attempt of his wife to make away with herself. He urged her to go on, telling her in a jering manner that there was plenty of water. They were both sober, but the woman was greatly excited. At first she said that she had been driven to do it by his habitual ill usage of her, and afterwards that she had only done it to frighten him. On her being taken to a police-station the husband walked away, not concerning himself as to what became of her. On Monday, on being brought up, she was admonished from the bench as to the wickedness of the attempt upon her life, an offence for which she had rendered herself liable to two years' imprisonment, and was then admitted as a witness against her husband. She said, in reply to questions from the court, and partly of her own accord: I am the wife of the prisoner. I have no home, and have not had any for years. On the night of Sunday week I slept with him at a house in High-street, Whitechapel, where he paid 1s. 6d. for a bed. On the next night I walked the streets with him all night, and he left me about five o'clock in the morning to go to his work. On Tuesday night we again slept in a bed, for which he paid a shilling, at a house in Rosemary-lane. On Wednesday and Thursday we walked about all day and all night—no bed, no nothing. He is always at work in the daytime. I walked about all day on Friday, and I met him that night at his request, in Whitechapel. I knew he had a little money, and I asked him to get a bed. He refused, saying, he did not intend to keep me any longer, and that I could do as many other women did—steal, or do what I liked. He walked towards London-bridge, and on the way I repeatedly asked him to pay for a bed. He still refused, and between Rosemary-lane and the Monument he struck me at least a dozen times, and I fell to the ground each time. That gentleman (meaning the witness Whitwell) happened to see the last blow struck, and numbers of people who also saw it cried out "Shame!" My back is now all covered with bruises from the kicks he has given me. My bonnet was much broken, and the poor rags I now wear have become worse from his pulling me about. I have no other clothes now. He has taken all the rest I had and sold them from time to time to a man named Lempert. I have been a poor hard-working girl, and a good wife to him, but he has so habitually ill-used me that I do not know what to do. For four months he never gave me a farthing. I have been earning 4s. a week, and paying a shilling a week for my lodgings. In July last I found out where he lodged in Whitechapel, and I went there to see him. I knocked at the door and asked to see my husband. The moment he saw me he gave me a pair of black eyes and otherwise so ill-used me that from my head to my toes I was nothing but bruises. I went to Whitechapel workhouse, and there they gave me an order upon a surgeon—Mr. Sequeira—whose certificate I now have with me. (The witness handed it in. It was dated the 1st of July last, and was to the effect that Mr. Sequeira, whose signature it bore, had treated her while suffering from contusions on various parts of her body.) My husband works at a lime-dred mill factory, in Great Guildford-street, where he earns 22s. a week regularly, and sometimes as much as 25s. and 30s. by working overtime. We have been married about nine years, the last seven of which he has been in the habit of ill-using me. We have not had a house for eight years. The last place where we had one was in Holland-street, and there, at length, after kicking and otherwise ill-using me, he turned me out. I'll tell you the rest truth. I have only had 8s. from him altogether over a length of time, and that he gave me in threepence and fourpence, and occasionally a shilling at a time. He has always been ill-using me. My head is nothing but lumps, and bunches of my hair he has torn out. Even after he had struck me again and again on Friday night, I said to myself, "Well, he's a German and I am an English girl, I'll look over it;" and if it had not been for this gentleman (meaning Mr. Whitwell) I should have looked over it. I only want from him something to assist in maintaining me. Sir Robert Carden told the prisoner he was glad of one thing, and that was that she was a German and not an Englishman. He would hear what he had to say. The prisoner made a statement to the effect that on leaving her on the Friday morning he gave her 9s., and made an appointment to meet her in the evening, which she did not keep. He waited for her two hours, and at length found her at a public-house. There he struck him on the head and followed him to London Bridge. He asked her to leave him alone, and because she would not he pushed her away, but did not strike her. Sir R. Carden: But she was destitute, and looked for assistance to you who are earning 25s. or 30s. a week. Why did you not provide a home for her? The prisoner replied that he did, until she went off to Chatham with a young soldier. The complainant denied this, and stated that she did not even know where Chatham was. She had never during her life been further away from London than Gravesend. The soldier to whom the prisoner had referred, and about whom he had often reproached her, was her own brother, and that he well knew. She solemnly denied that the prisoner had given her 9s. on the Friday morning. Sir Robert Carden said: He that said it might be the prisoner was charged with a most infamous assault, aggravated by the fact that while his victim, stung to frenzy by his violence, sought to put an end to her life, he urged her on by telling her that the water was deep enough. Again, when she was being taken to the police-station common humanity might have prompted him to go with her, but, instead of that, he struck away in a cowardly manner. Probably he would have been glad if she had carried out her purpose. Sir Robert, designing the prisoner as a cruel brute, sentenced him to two months' imprisonment, but with hard labour. The complainant, appealing to the bench, begged that he might not be imprisoned, for if he was he would lose his place. She only wanted a little trifle a week from him. Sir Robert, turning to the complainant, said she was just like every other good woman who happened to be placed in like circumstances. He did not think the less of her, but rather the more, for the request she had made, but he could not comply with it.

GUILDHALL.

A CASE FOR THE DIVORCE COURT.—John Conway was charged before Alderman Dakin and Alderman Waterlow, with unlawfully refusing to maintain his wife, whereby she had become chargeable to the West London Union. Mr. Brook appeared for the defendant, and alleged adultery as the ground on which he refused to support his wife. Bridget Conway, defendant's wife, said that in January last her husband sent her to Ireland for the benefit of her health, and when she returned in April she found him living with another woman, and he refused to give her a little money. He paid her passage over to Ireland, and promised to send her some money to buy necessaries things for herself if she would go into the Union there, but he never kept his word, and she had been obliged to pawn her wedding-ring and her clothes to some baker. He had passed her off as his sister to the woman he was cohabiting with. Mr. Beckett, the relieving officer, said the defendant had refused to take his wife from the Union, and he was now summoned for the expenses of her three weeks' maintenance. Alderman Dakin asked defendant if he was prepared to pay the money. Mr. Brook said certainly not. His client was prepared to prove the allegation of adultery, Sarah Coleman, a widow residing on the same floor, in the same house as the defendant, said she knew the defendant and his wife, and lodged in the same house with them when they lived in Bream's-building, Chancery-lane, in January last. The wife bore exclamation against the witness's evidence being received, alleging that she was the woman her husband was living with. Witness said she knew a person named Richard Condor, who was in the habit of visiting Mrs. Conway in the absence of her husband, who, as a broker's man, was taken very much away from his home. Condor used to stay sometimes an hour, and on one occasion in October last she saw Condor and Mrs. Conway in the bedroom together. They were on the bed, and in the very act of adultery. The wife here asked witness what business she had in her room at such a moment? (Laughter.) Witness said she was in her own room, which was divided by a thin partition only from that in which she saw the adultery committed. She called her mother, who was in the street with her, and they both looked through a hole in the partition, and saw all that occurred. A derman Dakin asked if the mother was present? Mr. Brook said no. She was house-keeper in a family, at present in Ireland, but he would call another witness, in reference to another act of adultery. The wife here asked the witness if she had not been living with her husband, the defendant. Witness said, certainly not, and did not intend to do so, as she was about to get married again. Alderman Dakin said, in the absence of Mrs. Coleman a mother the plea of adultery was not sufficiently established, and if it had been there was evidence of condonation. He must,

therefore, order the defendant to re-imburse the parish or commit him to prison in default. Defendant said he would take the case into the Divorce Court, and would not pay a farthing. The case was ultimately ordered to stand over for a few days, to enable the defendant to arrange with the parish authorities.

WESTMINSTER.

DEPARTING GAROTTE ROBBERIES.—James Luby, a notorious thief, was charged with two garotte robberies. This was the first prosecution since the passing of the Act empowering the authorities to order the public whipping of the offender, in addition to other punishment. The case was conducted by Mr. W. M. Ansell, solicitor. Mr. Parsons of 21, Mark Lane, eleven o'clock, he was returning from Chelmsford, and was in the Queen's-road, Chelsea, crossing from Paradise-street, walking leisurely with his hands in his pockets, when he was suddenly attacked and robbed. He was violently seized from behind by the throat, and the knee of his assailant being placed in the middle of his back another man came in front and robbed him of his gold watch and guard chain, after which he was thrown on the ground. He distinctly observed the face of the man behind him while being dragged back as he lay on the ground, and could swear that the prisoner was the man who seized him. His Albert chain, which had been attached by a key to the buttonhole of his waistcoat, was seized with such force that the key broke off. Witness was so much injured by the violence with which he was gripped that he could not speak or make any noise, and although he followed the thieves to the corner of Robinson-street, where he again had a full view of the prisoner, he could not get any further. The key was afterwards found near the spot where he was attacked. That morning he had at once identified and picked the prisoner out from a number of persons in the police-yard attached to the court. There was a lamp near where he was attacked, so that he saw the prisoner distinctly and could swear positively that he was the man. The prisoner: It's a hard thing to swear against me in that way. I think he has taken a false oath, your worship. Sergeant Hornblow, 24 H said he had long been in quest of the prisoner for this robbery, and apprehended him coming out of Coleridge-fields prison; when witness told him it was for robbing Mr. Parsons in the Queen's-road he would not reply. The prisoner absconded from Chelsea after the end of June. Mr. Jonathan Peel, a gentleman upwards of sixty years of age, said he resided at Chelsea, but was at present staying at Southampton. At about a quarter to ten on the night of Tuesday, the 30th of June, he was in Turk-street, walking by the Chelsea Hospital ground in the middle of the street, when he was seized violently by the throat from behind, and in a few seconds rendered completely insensible. While in that state he was robbed of a chronometer, value £20, and a gold chain. He had once suffered all the pains of returning to consciousness from drowning, but it was nothing to the pain he felt that night; he expected for a second or two to have died from strangulation. His mind was pre-occupied by some painful circumstances which he had witnessed, and that probably invited the attack. He felt great weakness in his back all the next day. (Turning towards the prisoner the prosecutor asked): "Did you drive your knee into my back?" The prisoner: If you say I was there you are labouring under a mistake. Mr. Seife remarked that although in France a prisoner might be interrogated, such a course was not permitted in this country. Mrs. Flavin Huzelinde said that on the night of this robbery she was passing the corner of Turk-street near the Royal Military Asylum when she saw three men together. It was a very light night. Two suddenly ran away and left one. The prisoner was one of those two. Mr. Peel was the gentleman left, and stated that he had been robbed of his watch and chain. She had repeatedly seen the prisoner before, and was positive he was the man. Rosa Minnie, an intelligent little girl, deposed that on the night of the robbery she saw a gentleman walking along the middle of the road, followed by three young men, one of whom lagged behind. One of the two remaining men put his arm round the gentleman's neck. It was the prisoner. She knew him well, and had long known him. Mr. Seife requested the witness to show the court how the attack was made. The second order was selected for the purpose of this illustration, and the little girl, standing close on his right side, threw her right arm tightly round his throat. Mr. Peel said that the attack made upon him precisely corresponded with the illustration. Police-constable James Gadian stated that at twenty minutes to ten on the night of the robbery he saw the prisoner and two other men near the spot. After this robbery the prisoner absconded. His mother's house and his lodgings were again and again searched in the course of July, but he was not to be found. Sergeant Hornblow proved that Mr. Peel came to the station in ex-hausted condition that he was escorted home. In this case the previous case, the watch key, broken from the chain, was found on the spot. Mr. Seife inquired what was known of the prisoner. Gadian stated that seventeen convictions were recorded, eight for felony, the rest for desperate assaults and other offences. The prisoner: If there is anything wrong done in Chelsea they are sure to say it was I. Mr. Seife: A man with seventeen convictions against him is not unreasonably an object of suspicion. The prisoner: Although it's been proved that I've been bad, there still some reform in me. He was fully committed for trial on both charges at the Central Criminal Court.

CLERKENWELL.

A FORGIVING WIFE AND HER BAD SON.—A respectably-attired young woman, of lady-like appearance, and whose face showed that she would still be handsome were it not so strongly marked with feelings of over-care and sorrow, applied to the sitting magistrate under the 21st section of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, for an order to protect her earnings from her husband and his creditors. The applicant stated that she had been married to her husband just over twelve years, and now had three children alive, having only a short time since buried her eldest son. Shortly after her marriage her husband behaved in a very brutal manner towards her, spent the whole of the money she had saved as well as that given by her friends, became very dissipated and drunken, and finally struck her, and sold the furniture to prevent its being seized for rent. She then went to reside with her friends, and after she had been there some time, her husband strongly urged her again to live with him and as he promised to behave better for the future, her friends provided her another home, and she went with him. Although for some time he behaved kindly to her, yet he soon relapsed into his old habits, ill-treated her, and called her bad names, at the same time supporting a vile female within a few yards of her residence. He a second time sold the home, and was living from her and the family for a considerable period, and she thought he was dead, for although she made every inquiry after his whereabouts she could learn nothing of him. Since then, however, he had again made his appearance, and he had frequently ill-used her, and threatened her life, but she did not want to give him into custody. All she required was that he should keep away from her, and that he should get a livelihood for himself and her children. Her husband had now been away from her for some time, and as she was afraid, from what she heard, that he would return home as a self-styled thief, she wished for a protecting order. The magistrate inquired how long it was since her husband deserted her, and whether she knew where he was to be found. The applicant stated that he was cohabiting with a woman who had been charged at this court. Her husband deserted her nearly a month since. The magistrate said he could not at present grant the request, as the husband had only been away for so short a period, and the wife knew where to find him. The applicant had better consult her friends, and take the case to the Divorce Court. The applicant thanked his worship and left the court.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

BURGLARY.—William Syne, a young man living at 8, Cambridge-street, Golden-square, and described as a bootmaker, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with breaking and entering the house of Messrs. Oetzmann and Plumb, pianoforte manufacturers, 38, Broad-street, Golden-square, and stealing several articles belonging to different persons. Edward Harlock, 5, Benham's-place, Hampstead, porter in the employ of Messrs. Oetzmann and Plumb, said: On Saturday night week a carpet bag belonging to Mr. Oetzmann was on the premises. I left the premises in company with two others, and we were the last persons on the premises. I went on Sunday night to take something out of the bag, and found it was gone. The next morning hearing from one of the workmen that he had lost some property, I suspected a bad character was on the premises, but last Friday found the premises had been broken into at the top of a flight of stairs. David Reid, in the employ of Messrs. Oetzmann and Plumb, identified some books produced as his property. They were safe on the premises on Saturday evening, and gone on the following Monday morning. Mrs. Anne Syne, wife of the prisoner's brother, said: The prisoner brought some of the articles produced to our place. I have seen but little of the prisoner for the past three months. He merely left the bag to be taken care of. Inspector Bowles, of the O division, said: I went to Messrs. Oetzmann and Plumb's workshop on hearing of the second robbery, and found several boxes had been broken open, apparently with a chisel. On going to the place where the prisoner was employed, and the prisoner being called out by his employer (Mr. John Kempion) the prisoner, without doing any saying, said: "I never did such a thing before and will never do again." I then took the prisoner to the station, when he said that some of the things he had taken to a brother's in Lamb's Conduit-street, and on going there I saw prisoner's brother, who gave me the bag produced and contents. At the station prisoner said, "It's my first offence, and I got into the house by means of a ladder in the yard." The prisoner had been daily cautioned before he said this. He also said that being a great reader, and seeing the books in the window, had induced him to commit the robbery. I found on the prisoner several keys, one of them fitting the bag. I received from the prisoner's master several articles belonging to different persons. On

examining the premises I found that an entry had been gained by the window. Some of the articles produced having been identified by other persons, the prisoner was committed for three months hard labour.

WORKSHIP-STREET.

THE BITE BITTEN.—Mr. Thomas Coombes, pawnbroker and jeweller, of Old Ford, was summoned before Mr. Cooke, to show cause why he detained a silver watch and chain, the property of a young man named John Sharpe, of Pool-terrace, City-road. Mr. Herliage appeared for the complainant, and Mr. Neate, solicitor to the Association of Pawnbrokers, attended for the defendant. Mr. Herliage stated the case at considerable length and called the complainant, who stated that, finding himself short of money, he, on the 24th of August, went to the house of the defendant, and offered him in pledge a silver lever hunting watch and chain. Defendant looked at the property and said, "I have one of your chains here now, have I not?" Witness told him he had not, but he replied, "Oh, yes, we have; you paid for it here a month ago." Witness told him he was mistaken, but he said he was not, and, referring to witness's watch and chain which he had in his hand, said, "I shall detain these till you repay me the money advanced on the other chain." Witness told him he could not redeem that chain, as he not only had no duplicate of it, but knew nothing at all about it. Witness demanded their restoration, but the defendant put on his shoes and threatened if he did not go out of the place he would lock him up. There was a policeman outside, but he was not called in, and witness went to the station-house to complain to the inspector, and as he advised him to take out a summons against the defendant he went back and told him so, to which the defendant replied that that was just what he wanted him to do, and witness applied at this court a few days after for one. Mr. Neate said the defendant was a very respectable tradesman, who had adopted the course he had in the interests of justice, and as the only means he could take to expose and check a scandalous system of fraud, he not knowing the complainant's address or where to find him. He subsequently succeeded in doing so, and at once took out a cross-summons on his own behalf which he trusted the magistrate would at once proceed with, and he had no doubt that, though the defendant's detention of this property might not be legally justifiable, it would then be considered that he was morally so. Mr. Cooke ordered the complainant and defendant to change places, and Mr. Neate called Mr. Coombes, who said, on the 1st of August the now defendant called at his shop and offered a silver watch and chain in pledge for 30s. The watch was a common French one, worth about 6s., and he told him so, and asked him if the chain was good silver. He said it was and had cost him 26s. He then detached the chain from the watch and asked him what he would advance upon that. Witness said 10s. if it was good silver, but he must test it first. Defendant replied, "Oh, you need not do that, it has already been tried: look at the swivel." Witness did so, and found it had been already tried, apparently by other jewellers, in two places, and, therefore, upon this representation, advanced him 10s. on it without trying it. On subsequently examining it, however, he found that a most ingenious fraud had been resorted to, that the chain was not silver at all, but base metal, consisting of copper and brass melted together, not worth anything, and having been filed in two places to give it the appearance of having been tested, had then been electroplated, so that the latter covered the marks, and they seemed as if made on genuine silver. Another chain, of exactly the same pattern, of the same quality, and with the same marks on it, had been pledged with him, by a woman, he thought, about fifteen months before this, so that he, in fact, had then two of these spurious chains by him, without a thousandth part of their weight in silver in either. On the 24th of August the defendant came again, and offered another watch and chain for £3 10s. Witness asked if they were silver, and he replied, "Yes," and said witness had had them before. Witness told him he had got one chain of his already, he thought, and, on going to his drawer and producing the first chain, he denied it altogether. The three chains were all precisely alike, and he told him, if he did not redeem the chain he had before pledged, he would give him into custody. His son went out for a policeman, but could not find one, and the prisoner, who said he could find four if necessary, also went out, but came back in a quarter of an hour, saying he had been to this court and the station, and, as he knew not where to find the prisoner, he detained the watch and chain to help him to do so. The prisoner was dressed differently from what he was now on both occasions, but he could swear to him most positively. Arabella Pickman, daughter-in-law of the last witness, confirmed him in every particular, as relating to the prisoner most positively as being the man so acting on both occasions, and Mr. Thomas Coombes, the son, deposed to having tested all three chains now produced, and that they were all of the same worthless materials. The chains, which were here handed up the bench, were long massive neck chains, curb pattern, apparently valuable, and well calculated to deceive any one who did not test them. Mr. Cooke thought the pawnbroker was not justified in detaining the watch and chain on the grounds he alleged he did so, and therefore ordered their restoration, together with the payment of 2s. costs; but the complaint of Mr. Coombes was a wholly different matter. There could be no doubt as to the law of the case, which resolved itself no doubt as to the law of the case, which resolved itself into one of obtaining money under false pretences, and he should, therefore, commit the defendant for trial.

THAMES.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE.—A SOVEREIGN FOR A HALFPENNY.—Patrick Tighe, a sturdy old Irish mendicant, and a cripple, who has been preying on the public nearly half a century, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with stealing a sovereign. Mrs. Ann Lowrie, the wife of an engineer, of Midway, Poplar, stated that she received her husband's wages on the previous evening, and was hastening towards her home for the purpose of attending to her baby, when the prisoner solicited alms of her, and would not be refused. He pressed her so much, and told such a plausible tale, that a man gave him a halfpenny. She put her hand into her pocket, and took from it what she thought to be a halfpenny, and said, "Here, old man, here is another halfpenny for you." As she put the coin into his hand, she observed it to shine brightly, and at once suspected she had given him a sovereign. She uttered an exclamation, ran to the next gas-light and looked at her money. She missed a new sovereign directly, and begged of the prisoner to return it, telling him that she was a poor woman and that her husband worked hard for his money. He said he knew nothing of it, and stoutly denied he had received a sovereign. She repeatedly implored him to return the money, but he would not. She then gave him into custody. He spoke to a woman before the policeman arrived. The prisoner said he never begged for more than a sixpence in his life. He was as innocent of the sovereign as his "honour a worship." Mr. Woolrych had no doubt the prisoner received the poor woman's sovereign, and he was a very great scoundrel. He could not punish the prisoner for stealing the sovereign, but he sentenced him, as a rogue and a vagabond, to twenty-one days' imprisonment, and hard labour.

WANDSWORTH.

OVER POLITE THIEVES.—Sarah Clarke, a stylishly-dressed young woman, who has been rendered several times, was brought before Mr. Dayman for final examination, charged with being concerned with a young man, whom the police have not been able to apprehend, in committing the following impudent highway robberies: Mr. Rachel Lloyd, a widow, residing at 4, Philpot-street, Commercial-road East, said: The prisoner was a stranger to me up to Monday afternoon, the 24th ult., when, near two o'clock, she came up to me in the Lansdowne-road, South Lambeth, walking arm-in-arm with a respectable-looking man, who asked me the way to Vauxhall-road. I told him I was a stranger there. He said he was directed to come down the Lansdowne-road. At this time he stood close to me on my left side, and the prisoner continued to hold his arm on the further side from me. I looked up to see the name of the road, and then I said to him, "This is the Lansdowne-road." Prisoner then joined in the conversation, and said, "Oh, they told us to go straight on." In that way they detained me above ten minutes. They walked on after thanking me very politely—in fact, they overdid it, which attracted my attention, and they had hardly gone two or three paces before I discovered that my gold watch, which I wore in a small pocket in the left side of my dress, was gone. The swivel which fastened the watch to a gold chain round my neck was not unbroken, so that the watch must have been broken away by the ring or bow. I spoke to two gentlemen passing. The prisoner and the man, instead of going straight on, turned hurriedly round the first turning to the right. I went to the corner, and I then saw the man had left the prisoner, and was running away as fast as he could. I went up to the prisoner and said, "This is the woman who was with him" and she replied, "I know nothing of him; he was a perfect stranger to me." The man escaped. My watch was worth £12. Mr. Edward Hayward, a tailor, of No. 4, Augusta-place, Lansdowne-road, one of the gentlemen alluded to by the prosecutor, said that as the prisoner and the man were walking away he observed that she looked back over her right shoulder. When he returned home he mentioned the circumstance of the robbery to his wife, and he found that she had been robbed in a similar way on the same afternoon while walking in that neighbourhood. He took his wife to the police-station, and she identified the prisoner among other females. Mrs. Maria Hayward gave a description of what happened to her, and said that after the prisoner and the young man had left her she missed her purse from her pocket. Police-constable Halseman, 66 V, who took the prisoner into custody, said he had been to the address she gave in Holywell-street, Strand, and he found it was false. An attempt was made to induce the magistrate to deal summarily with the prisoner, but on Mr. Dayman being informed by Sergeant Shere, of the F division, and other members of the force, that she had been a thief for years, and had been tried and convicted at the Middlesex Sessions, he refused, and fully committed her for trial.



OFF TO THE MOORS. (See page 221.)



HIGHLAND GAMES BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS. (See page 221.)

OFF TO THE MOORS.

DEATH is busy among the denizens of the Scottish moors now. A month's shooting in Scotland is certainly the most aristocratic method of passing the present period with the English Nimrods; and at all the points of route to the Highlands, crowds of sportsmen are to be met with. The subject of our illustration is a truthful picture of a daily scene at Inverness. The Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, is a Highland hostelry much frequented. The town, which is situated on both sides of the Ness, near the spot where that river flows into the Moray Firth, boasts of a handsome court house, with a fine tower and spire, and is not without historical associations of interest. On an eminence are the ruins of an old castle, demolished in 1745 by the rebels; and in the vicinity may be seen Culloden Heath, the scene of the last brave but sanguinary struggle of the ill-fated adherents of the royal house of Stuart to subdue fortune and the swords of those soldiers who upheld the Hanoverian dynasty. The present number embraces illustrations of the recent Highland games before the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a piper in full dress.

UPS AND DOWNS OF AN ACTOR'S LIFE.

A CASE most painfully illustrative of the vicissitudes of an actor's life came before the bench at Hull. A middle-aged man, named James Clifford, of wretched and half-starved appearance, and whose only covering consisted of shirt, trousers, and boots, was placed at the bar charged with having attempted to commit suicide by jumping into the Humber Dock. A young man, named Thomas Beautyman, a licensed porter, stated that on that evening he was going along the Humber Dock side, when he observed the prisoner jump from the quay into the water. The witness at once raised an alarm, and also got into a boat with a view of saving the life of the unfortunate man. After considerable difficulty and the lapse of about five minutes he was successful in his endeavours. The would-be suicide was hauled on to the quay and handed over to the custody of the police. The prisoner on being asked by the magistrate what he had to say for himself made the following statement: He said that for about forty years he had been a travelling performer with portable theatres, and had performed at Winn's Theatre, at Drypool Feast. He had once been in very comfortable circumstances, and had plenty of friends, but late ly he had become very much reduced. He had been compelled to part with all his clothes except those few rags which now covered his body. He soon found that when his clothes were gone his friends had also flown, and those who had once appeared to be the firmest of friends had now become almost his greatest enemies. When he was left in an almost naked state, he found it absolutely impossible to obtain an engagement, and having nothing wherewith to procure food his existence became miserable in the extreme. During the latter part of last week he had wandered about houseless, homeless, and friendless, and on Friday and Saturday had nothing to eat. On the evening of the last-named day the rain was falling very fast, and on meeting a policeman he asked if he would be allowed to go into the lock-up for the night. He was informed by



PIPER PLAYING BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

the officer that unless he had committed some crime he could not be locked up. Being very wet, cold, and hungry—in fact, just on the verge of starvation—he sought refuge under the dock sheds, and while he was so sheltering he began to consider which would be the best way to pursue in his then lone and desolate circumstances. He considered that he had neither clothes, food, shelter, or friends, and was at a loss how to proceed. If he had had his clothes he would have known how to proceed, but in his then state before any respectable manager he would have been naturally told that he was "worse than a shoe-black." Therefore at the time he thought there was only one way for him, and he determined to take it. He, therefore, got up from the place where he was sheltering, walked to the edge of the quay, and jumped into the water. This was all that he (prisoner) had to say. Such a thing had never before passed in the drama of his life, and he hoped that it would be a caution for the future, for if he lived he would long remember it. During the time the prisoner was making the above statement the most breathless silence prevailed in the court. Mr. Winn, the proprietor of the portable theatre which has been exhibiting near the Drypool Church since the Drypool Feast, was in the court. He came forward and said that he had known the prisoner for upwards of twenty years, during which period the prisoner had been under his management in several portable theatres. In the whole of this time he had never known him commit an offence similar to the one with which he was now charged. He had always been a steady and inoffensive man. The witness also further stated that about a fortnight ago the prisoner and his wife quarrelled. In consequence of this he took to drinking. His wife left him and took away with her his wardrobe, thus depriving him of the means of going on the stage. The witness had several times sent for the prisoner to return to his theatre, directing the messengers to tell him that he was quite agreeable to take him on. The witness supposed that through shame the prisoner declined his offer. Whatever might be the cause, however, he did not accept Mr. Winn's offer, and he (witness) was very much astonished when on the previous night he heard that the prisoner had attempted to commit suicide. He could come to no other conclusion than that he had been induced to commit the rash act through want of food and through intoxicating drink. Even at that moment he (witness) was quite willing to take the prisoner back into his employment. His worship pointed out to the prisoner the folly of the course of conduct which he had pursued. As the witness, however, had so kindly come forward to speak for him, and had even promised to take him into his service, he should discharge him. A subscription was got up amongst the attorneys and several gentlemen in the court, his worship also contributing, and upwards of 15s. were placed in the hands of the prisoner, and he left the court a happier, and no doubt a wiser man. His worship also presented 5s. to Beautyman, for the promptitude and presence of mind which he had shown in rescuing the prisoner from a shocking and untimely end.

MORAL EFFECTS OF THE STAGE.—It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at a play! We uniformly applaud what is right, and condemn what is wrong, when it costs nothing but the sentiment.

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XXXI.
CHANGE.

THE fact is, that Mrs. Helps went very serious. It is just possible that when you are in a house which appears to have nothing but echoes in it, that you do fall in with the views of the house, and become but an echo of the past yourself.

Mr. Solomons to look after the park and gardens, Mrs. Helps to look after the house, and Kezia, nominally, to look after books—but, in reality, had to be taken care of herself by both—these formed the household at Oaklands.

It was not lively, and Kezia would have a paroxysm in a corner, and nobody be any the wiser for it than herself. Kezia also fell into fits of crying, and would become suddenly dissolved on a staircase, and if found in that condition of tears by Mrs. Helps, though the good woman objected to the administration of spirits to the young as a principle, she would exhibit that kind of support to the young woman. This kind of thing would open Kezia's mind, and she would state that she really thought she should hang herself if she knew how, and if she could get poison, poison she would get. Admonished that all this was not Christian, and told that if the house was not to be endured she had better leave it, Kezia would reply that she should have gone long before if she had anywhere to go to; but as it were, would Mrs. Helps kindly allow her to remain till she found her father, who might inquire for her at the door of the college?

By the way, to be honest, it should be added that "the college" was a delicate way of referring to the workhouse. Everybody has his little delicacies of feeling; and the refinement of poverty has its Kezia always called that establishment the college. She had been taken to it in the absence of a better home. Kezia's life was romantic. She had been found at an age supposed to represent three weeks, in a basket, tied by a red Belcher handkerchief to the knocker of the Nelson public-house, in Devizes. The Christian name of the individual who found her being Kezia, Kezia she was baptised; and as a surname was also called for, and as the landlord of the tavern to which Kezia was attached refused the authorship of the little creature in question, to the great disgust of the doubting neighbours, they dubbed the discovery Kezia Nelson, after the sign of the house also in question, though the landlord threatened an action for scandal, and actually took advice of the parish clerk on all the bearings.

Kezia had never knowingly seen her father; but by certain discoveries of hers, and which it was generally supposed she had found

in a fit, she knew that his name was Gregory; that he was five feet ten in his socks; and that he had a slight cast in his right eye, which was rather an ornament than otherwise.

But why do I speak about Kezia—a most uninteresting young woman, who always frightened people by the most unguarded conduct imaginable?

The simple fact stands that they had so little to talk about at Oaklands, that Kezia was quite a fund of conversational power. Speculations as to who she was, as to what she might become, were often indulged in by Solomons and Mrs. Helps.

You see they had nothing to do, and it is to be feared that they so worked up Kezia upon the argument that the unknown is the unknown, that the young woman got to believe that Gregory, with that cast in his eye, which was rather a beauty than otherwise, lived a duke, or an earl, or something of that aristocratic kind.

If necessity makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, it is equally certain that partial solitude makes us easy in the matter of acquaintances. I knew a young bachelor pie-shop keeper, friend of mine, who being deserted on a Sunday by his workpeople, has up a fraternal kind of cleanly pig in his little back parlour behind the shop, and there they pass the seventh day together. It can't be very jolly for my pie-making friend. In fact, he had admitted this to me, but, as he says, a grunt is better than no sound at all, and the pig has the manners to respond in that style when he is spoken to.

So Mrs. Helps, losing all other company, took to Kezia's, and that young woman was present every evening at the meetings of Mrs. Helps and Solomons.

There those three sat, night after night, as the winter came. There those three sat, with very little to say, and a deal of time to say it in. Kezia was always mending stockings—and I believe there are some women who would find that kind of occupation in negro-land, where stockings, as a rule, are not to be found; Mrs. Helps was always at work on a patchwork quilt, which never seemed much nearer completion than when it had been "going on" for about a twelvemonth; and Mr. Solomons each evening devoted his time in shaking his head, smoking his pipe, and throwing in a proverb now and then.

There those three sat out November, and through December right on to Christmas Day.

It was Christmas eve, when Mrs. Helps, moved by the sight of a branch of holly, so full of berries that Nature may have stopped on her way and kissed it—when Mrs. Helps, I say, stooped her head, and said, "Whi h no - eews."

"No news is good news, Meggie," replied Solomons, in a very soft voice,—as the Amer can as was condemned to be hung a cos he wasn't o' the jury's way o' thinking, said when the jailer remarked he'd nothing to say."

"Bad, bad, bad," said Mrs. Helps, in such a dismal voice that Kezia, holding the candle for the inspection of the holly, immediately began to shiver, and in answer to inquiry, replied, "It were the creeps again."

"Which I have this consolation, Solomons—somewhere they must be, for not likely vanished."

Then Kezia put the candlestick down.

"Put the holly up, Mr. Solomons," said Helps; "for custom is custom, and Christmas Christmas; and which Solomons, being as it is, and kindness kindness, we had best make up a basket for Boley and Becker Marier."

The basket was sent to Boley and Mrs. B, now shopkeepers in the village, the Christmas-day past, the year ended, old Christmas-day past, the day forgotten, and still Mr. Solomons, Mrs. Helps, and Kezia kept vigil in the house.

No news came.

From that hurried time in the November daybreak when father and daughter left Oaklands—left pale, wild-looking and apart, though so near together—nothing had been heard of them.

Nothing—nothing.

The dying year died, the new year was born, and even the first swallow, calling sadly to the summer time arrived, and being too early, fell dead upon the once more frozen ground, and yet no news came from Squire Lemmings and his daughter.

The great black sticky leaf bulbs of the horse-chestnut trees began to swell with the coming spring time, the land begun faintly to wake into growth once more, people began to talk about a very early spring, and Kezia Nelson had even found one very poor little primrose in a warm, quiet nook near the great conservatory, and yet no news came.

The heavy leaden winter sky was breaking up, last year's dead leaves, ceasing to rustle, were beginning to melt into the land; nature, in a few words, was prepared to clothe the land once more, and yet no news came from them.

It was now early March.

The rumour came to Oaklands that Mrs. Boley (Becker Marier promoted) was going to show herself in the light of a true and appreciative wife; and when Boley came up to the castle, he assumed a kind of superiority over Solomons which was hard for the latter to bear.

"Blessed," said Boley,—who, in the course of years, had picked up some of the proverbs of David Saul,—blessed is he who has his quiver full of 'em."

This was in reference to the coming dignities of Mrs. Boley.

"Ha!" said Solomons; "so, jest, unless there's a hole in the bottom of it, and the pints o' the arrows goes into the small o' your back."

Boley did not comprehend these arguments; so, like many a wiser man, he stuck to his own, and all harping on his Becker Marier continued, "A virtuous woman, Solomons, is a crown to her husband."

"Ha, my lad" joined Solomons, who, somehow, had had a sense of injury upon him in reference to Boley, ever since the triumphant arrival of that individual and Becker Marier in the yellow cart,— "ha, my lad, you'll find though, that she'll cost you more than five shillings, as the boy said when he broke the plate glass window."

"I thank ye, Solomons; but my grandfather left me fifty pounds!"

"Ha!" said Solomons; "seeing what it's led to, he had a much better a left it alone, as the filloeser said to the man as got bit by the bore consrickter."

"Have yer heard anything o' the old man?"

"The old what?" said Solomons, now getting downright indignant. He was, perhaps, laying about for anger. A bachelor, when he is told by a younger man than himself that the joys of wedlock are about to be consummated, does not, as a rule, like it. So it was in the case under consideration. But Solomons was wise, and knew anger was foolish. But when Policy began patronising the family whose bread he had eaten, David Saul spoke.

"Boby," he said, "tis a bad heart that can't feel for another, and he as paws the back o' the freful porkerpt a is like to find it ain't a bit o' velvet; which your squire is, your squire, whether you keep a general shop, or is nader gardener at Oaklands. When you speak to me o' the family, young Boley, speak like a man as pays taxes, and speak fair, or don't speak at all. And now, young Boley—what do yer say now?"

"I would be wishful to know, Mr. Solomons, have you heard from the Squire o' late?"

"No, I have not, Boley. He's his own master, as the boy said when he taught himself how to steal apples—that's what the Squire is; and when he writes, why he does; and when he doesn't, why he leaves it alone. An' that you may tell to the willage."

The early March came and went, the middle of March passed away, and the year was the older by the whole of that month, which comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb, and still no news from the Squire.

The young spring now began to deck the trees with a new tint of coming green, the grass grew bright, and one spring bonnet had appeared at Oaklands Church, and still no word had come from the Squire.

It was towards the end of March when the first visitor to Oaklands rang the Hall bell. It may be remarked in passing that this unaccustomed summons had such an effect on Kezia, that Mrs. Solomons thought, at half-past seven that morning, that Kezia was gone. But such was not the case—Kezia lived to plunge into thousands more fits.

The visitor was Ellen Villiers.

Poor Mrs. Helps quite put the steam of progression on in order to meet her dear young lady, as she called her. It will be remembered that Ellen had been attached to the household of Oaklands long before its purchase on the part of Lemmings, and as companion to the late Lady Penton. She was, therefore, an old friend of Mrs. Helps, and meeting, they could talk on the subject of the disappearance of the family with a certain liberty which could not have existed had Ellen known the place and the house-keeper through the Squire and his daughter only.

"Which good for sore eyes you are, Miss Ellen, as any lotion ever sold for that purpose, with directions how to use; and my heart palpitating to that extent, I know not whether in my mouth or quite the small of my back; and Mr. Solomons most glad to see you when he comes, but not fast, owing to rheumatism, for which a good thing rubbed over with turpentine, but couldn't do it himself, and not expected that I should, though a widow, for feelings they have, though often supposed not, and Kezia quite out of the question—which if you have brought news of the family, I beg first a chair, for if I fall, I know not where the consequence will end. Miss Ellen, where are the? and which why they are there I know no more than the man in the moon, and why there perpetually in one position I never could make out—and are they coming home, and if, give me time to air the rooms, and fires all over the house, and every chimney swept to-morrow."

Here Mrs. Helps sat down and had the spasms.

"My dear Mrs. Helps, I was sincerely in hopes you would have some news for me. How is it you did not answer my letters?"

"Letters?" said Mrs. Helps—"letters?"

"Yes, I have written several."

"Which where detained I know not, Miss Ellen; never here arrived, and given me the palpitations more than ever. Letters? No, miss, not half a ghost of a letter."

Ellen looked puzzled, even distressed. She added, "No matter, an accident must have occurred to them. Have you heard nothing whatever from Mr. Lemmings or from Annie?"

"Which, Miss Ellen, half a word were have been sufficient, for it stands to reason that if dead you can no more write it than a folio volume; and when I wake up in the night, miss, the wind seems to be howling after them; and Solomons, I believe, thinner than other disappointments would make, on account of the mystery, which, Miss Ellen, if enlighten me you could on what took place; for whether on my heels that awful morning, or going about on my head, I could not say, what with the Squire like a stone, and my young lady like another, and you weeping and wailing, and Kezia in such a convulsion, if Nature hadn't bust her stay-lace she never would have survived, I couldn't have been myself if I had been twenty times the woman I am."

"My dear Mrs. Helps, I can tell you little. When Annie returned she passed me without a word, and entered the room where her father was waiting. I heard a scream, and then you saw as much as I did. Both father and daughter appeared changed. Something terrible had happened, I was quite sure. Mr. Lemmings barely seemed to know me, and Annie looked at me as though some terrible secret stood between us."

"An' secret there were," said Mrs. Helps.

"I then you know what followed?"

"I were told to dismiss the household, which the airs the footmen give themselves, you've no idea, and kicked my dog Towler into the gold-fish pond, which he's never got rid of—of course, the effects, I mean—and he gave me a cheque, which every penny I can account for, and a balance of seventeen pounds last Monday morning as ever was. And went everybody did, except Solomons and Kezia; for it stood to reason I couldn't scrub myself—leastways, I mean Oaklands; and you went away, and not once since has the hall-door bell rung till this day, and you yourself the ringer."

"I assure you, Mrs. Helps, I am quite desirous of remaining in the house, and I should certainly have done so had not Lady Oronster insisted upon my taking up my residence at her house until my marriage with Lord Penton."

"Which, if my lady, I should say," broke in Mrs. Helps, "pardon for remarking miss, I pray."

"No," Ellen continued, "I am not married yet. Why, I need not go into. I have come to learn why my letters have neither been answered nor returned. It is quite inexplicable to me how it has happened that you have not received them. However, I must manage better in future. Have you heard," she continued, "any more in reference to Mr. Lemmings and Annie?"

"Which if upon my dying bed I were," said Mrs. Helps, "and fighting that hard for breath that it would be a mussey to another me, I could not, and I would not, say other than this, that not a word, writ or spoke—not a word, first or second-hand, have I heard of them concerning; which here comes Solomons, and though grey, I would not advise dyeing, which will prove all I've been declaring, and swear to, Miss Ellen, would."

Poor old Solomons was very glad to see the young lady; but though Ellen stopped for several hours, and though the trio talked of nothing but the Squire and his daughter all the time, not one of them learnt any news from either of the others; and when Ellen was preparing to leave the place the only consolation they were able to give each other was this—that Ellen would certainly write, and make sure that Mr. Solomons and Mrs. Helps should obtain the letter; and that these latter would be equally sure to forward letters to Ellen, to be left for her at a post-office she named.

So they parted.

Six days after, when the 2nd day of April came, a letter arrived for Ellen Villiers, and addressed to Oaklands.

Mrs. Helps was no fool, and Solomons had some pretension to the proverbial wisdom of his namesake; so they had little difficulty

in identifying the hand-writing as that of their young mistress's. They were sure of it without comparison, but thus they made assurance doubly sure. A chance couple of lines from the young lady to Mrs. Helps, while perhaps visiting away from Oaklands a single day, perhaps the name of some new plant brought to the gardener, that little having been written down in the doubt of memory holding it good all the way home; these evidences were brought forward, and the comparison made the same hand writing beyond any question, but there were differences between them.

Sweetheart Nan had written a fine, bold, hearty hand, as clear and decided as a plumb-line; but now, judging by the address on the letter, though the words were bold and large, the hand that had made them trembled, and the writer, according to Mrs. Helps, "had been troubled, like."

That same night the letter was posted, as Ellen Villiers had directed.

It will perhaps kindly be borne in mind that the letter was received at Oaklands on the second day of April.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MORE CHANGE.

ALL around the house lay a dead black moor, if you except a few poor acres of bad pasture, and as many under not very fruitful cultivations. It was one of those resting spots in the midst of waste land which appear to have been formed as a kind of promise in the midst of desolation.

The watchful man often marks these whispers of the good God.

Amidst the barren rocks, a little sprig of moss; on the crumbling and happily useless wall of some fierce old castle, a blooming, sweet-smelling gilliflower; in the midst of the ocean, a wafting nautilus; or in the expanse of a dreary moor, a few poor acres which man has seen, and worked upon, and brought into a little fruitfulness. These are promises of broader, higher life, and as such oh, love them!

This moor I carry you to was in the north of England. As I have said, all about was a dead black expanse of dull, heather-like shrub-wood. It stretched almost flat all around for miles, and then rose on all sides, as though jealous of the world the moor shut out.

In the centre of that dismal expanse lay the small farm-hut, rather than house. There, in the centre of that dreary, solemn heath, the house lay, surrounded by its few poor acres, and beyond the noiseless, sound-destroying heath.

No trees were to be seen except a clump of firs, and these had grown, it would seem, but to sigh and wither in the wind.

Now, as I take you to this place through the poor yet mighty magic of a pen, paper, and print, it is quite winter time on the heath, though March is almost ended. The pine branches are still bare, and the sweet, mysterious shadows of the pine-tree spring is a good two months off. The branches are bare and black, intertwining each other like the tangled sad men call existence.

Stretch your eyes over the moor.

There is no life, except for the slow-wheeling peewits. These rise and skim in the air, uttering that drear, sharp, melancholy sound which but quickens the silence.

Sometimes, it is true, you hear the slow, melancholy bump of an approaching waggon. It sounds friendly enough as it grows louder on approaching the house along the road, which you can see faintly here and there where it is not hidden by the thick, black heather—black because still bearing last year's dead but clinging leaves.

The friendly sound comes nearer, nearer, and passes the house, perchance the lazy driver gazing idly at the place, and then the sound dies away sadly in the distance, and the call of the melancholy peewits, which the rumbling of the waggon has gradually overpowered, as gradually returns upon the ear.

Upon whose ears?

Upon the hearing sense of whom falls the melancholy call of the peewits hovering and skimming over the houseless on this moor?

Patience—sorely do I wish to pass the threshold with you. Not yet—not yet.

Look at the house itself; a very poor place. Once they have attempted something in the shape of a vine. But it had died, and dried in the wind, and mark how the dead branches clinging yet to the wall look like a cruel knotted hand grasping at the brickwork. On the roadside of the house the two windows are closed, and if you looked at the hinges of the shutters, you would see they were in the embraces of a thick rust. Upon against the door last year's nettles still rest, and with them some few leaves, come whence who knows, have taken shelter. The struggling, weak, heathy grass is not here trodden down; in fact, the front side of the house is lifeless.

But as, branching away towards the side is a something you may call a roadway. It leads, clearly, to the back of the house.

Come!

Ha! here is something like existence. There are no cackling cock and hens, no self-satisfied ducks, but you mark the windows that you see are bright. You observe the house is like a quadrangle with one side taken out, so that three sides remained. One of them, the long one, is the house proper; another side is made up of a barn and other out-houses; while the third is a kind of continuation of the house, and has its windows on the outer side of the quadrangle, in fact, it might be a small house by itself, only adjacent to the other building, and not forming part of it.

When you are looking at this drear little colouring of life in the desolate heath, it is about five o'clock in the morning, and the daylight is, perhaps, hardly at its full.

The house, so far, is still. Now, look; the little blind of the window to the left, looking upon the courtyard, and on the ground floor, is raised, and you can see a rather seamed-looking hand opening the diamond-shaped, leaden-framed window.

Clearly the owner of the hand is fond of fresh air, for he opens the house-window with the daylight. Then listen again—the screaming of a rusty bolt, and another, then the clicking of a latch, and the door opens.

Now appears an old man carrying a spade. This man stoops, and his hair is grey; but there is a certain will about him in his walk, and in the way in which he looks about, which tells you the brain is not so feeble as the body.

You see the hair is quite grey and rather long. This you can easily mark, as the lightened head tells out against the black heath as he passes round by the house, and so is lost to view.

Did you recognise him.

He was Squire Lemmings.

True, it is only five months since you saw him. What!—you cannot understand how, in so short a space of time, his hair should grow grey, and he round-shouldered. Ah! you have not, then, known much trouble.

Yes, that lowly figure turning round by the barn corner, and whose grey hair tells out against the black heath, is Squire Lemmings.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

STILL CHANGE.

HALF AN HOUR passes, and then again the door opens, and an aged man appears, who has nothing remarkable about him except his hale, happy, contented, and yet stupid and narrow-minded look.

Surely this should be the master of the place, for there is a certain readiness with which he gets things together for his day's work, which shows he is acquainted with the place.

Then a voice from the house calls to this hearty old husbandman, bidding master return for some matter, and no notice being taken of this summons an aged woman appears at the door, holding a broom in one hand and a pair of tough leggings in the other.

Man and wife clearly, from the unceremonious way in which she offers, and he takes, the gaiters; but more evidently the man and wife of forty past years by the similarity in the tones of their voices, in their similar ways, and even in the likeness which exists between them; for does not the husband and wife often grow like each other as the years go on, and as they are more and more unready to buffet with the world?

Well, the man goes his way after the Squire, it would seem, moulting and muttering, as though the calling him back for the gaiters had been an injury rather than anything else; and the old woman, she also moulting and muttering, turns into the house, closes the door, and all is quiet about this dismal little farmhouse.

Then the sun rises, and converts the whole scene into one of beauty—a beauty still solemn and oppressive, but from which the gloom and deadness have in a very great measure passed away.

It now being seven o'clock, a.m., you may hear a new sound breaking the stillness. This sound is that of one creaking-booted leg and another of wooden construction trying to do its duty.

As we are in the quadrangle of the house, if so I may speak, we cannot see the promoter of these sounds, which, apparently, come from the window side of the continuation of the main part of the house on the right, and the windows of which look out towards the heath, and over what roadway there is which can be observed.

But listen again; the creaking boot and the—say wooden leg, are coming on with a will. Ha! you see it is a wooden leg.

You observe that the individual looks like a man with a will of his own. You see he has a towel—as rough as a towel can be—in one hand, and a pail, which looks as though it were hooked out of the way and not wanted; but the simple fact is, that this master with a will has got no left hand with which to carry the pail, and therefore carries it by the hook, which serves him for his four left fingers and thumb.

On he comes, with his pail and his rough towel, something like a nutmeg-grater. Clearly he is a man who would bring his own well with him if the thing were to be done. This gentleman has clearly been in some kind of the wars, for if you please to observe his countenance you will find that, bright as it is, it is illuminated by but a single eye.

I may as well tell you at once that the leg and the hand went legitimately. As for the eye, the gentleman with a will lost that while playing a cricket-match between heroes of one leg and heroes of one hand. The ball had knocked the orb in rather than out, though he always said it was this latter; but the gentleman with a will did not give in, played the game out, and as his side scored a majority of ten, and he got seven runs, why the one-armed owed their triumph to the gentleman with a will.

You see, on the come. Listen to him. You mark he sings with with a will, and yet lowly—

"O—o—h, the lass as in a crowd would pass,
Or her as 'ud marry a tailor.
She ain't the lass as I would love;
'Tis the lass as loves a sail—I—lor."

"Now, Jack Stockings, for a scotch!"

Here he seizes the handle of the pump as though he was going to save a ship, and then works the handle to that extent that the water flies over the pail at a bound, and Jack Stockings is so struck with the look of it that he appears as though about to try it as a drink; but he appears to think better of the idea, and shakes his head.

Then he splashes into the water, and puffs and splashes like a grampus. He doesn't leave off till nearly all the water is out of the pail, and then he flies at the pump, works it madly for a few moments, and then dashes his head under the cataract of spring water, and douches himself well.

Now the nutmeg-grater towel comes into operation, and in six instants Jack Stockings's face is as red as a lobster that has known what it is to be boiled. In and out of the towel this jolly old face appears, rubbing and dashing, and setting up what tough, bristly old grey hairs remain all over his head. For Jack Stockings will never see sixty again. You see, all the people about this place appear to be old. We must have fallen upon a bye corner of the land.

But now the drying is nearly completed, and so exhilarating has been the operation, that in a louder voice than that which we have previously heard—though it is very evident he could give it more swing if he chose—he remarks:—

"Your Molly has never been false she declares
Since last that we parted at Wapping Old Stairs."

Here he breaks off, and says, "Swab, mate—swab!" Hereupon, he hangs out the towel for a dry on the pump, and taking up a mop near at hand, he begins sopping up the mess he has made on the stones. This done, and the mop set as upright as it will go, Mr. Jack Stockings produces a comb from one of the pockets of a pair of trousers, each of which seems about the size of a small carpet bag, and he thereupon takes a quick damp comb at his hair, then he resumes the hard shiny hat which he wore on his appearance, and which is so hard that it could not go out of shape if it tried, and his toilette is comparatively complete. This is evident from the triumphant way in which he sings a small fragment:—

"Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the seas,
For Britons ever, ever, ever, shall bless the Prince o' Wales."

Now he speaks again:—

"Hurry up, lad—hurry up!"

So he takes the pail and the hard towel, and begins to tramp back again by the corner, and with a will. But suddenly he stops and listens.

"Taint a waggin, 'taint; 'tis a shay, 'tis."

Surely there is a sound as of a light vehicle coming towards the house. Run round the corner, and there you observe Jack Stockings listening. As you see him behind, you may make an affidavit that whatever he is now, he has been a sailor. You can't mistake those trousers loose at the ankle and tight at the hip; that slouching loose shirt and round cap stuck on the back of the head. A sailor every square inch of him.

"But the noise is getting louder. J. S. is right. 'Tis a shay, 'tis!"

The chaise came nearer, and stopped opposite the dull Moor House, as it was called.

A young, handsome man leapt from it.

It is possible Jack Stockings would have liked to run away, not because he was afraid of an enemy, but simply because, under certain and existing circumstances, he did not want to be seen, even by a friend.

He was taken in the fact of staring.

"By Jove! here I am!" said the new arrival.

"Sheer off," said Mr. Stockings. "Put on yer steam. 'Taint a pike."

"Found at last, Stockings!"

"What? Yere's a vast surprise! Known!"

"You don't know me, Stockings?"

"Don't know you, mate. 'Taint a pike—'taint a public."

"I know that. But where there's smoke there's fire; and where you are—"

"Want any one? Aint yere. Gone to Chaney—direct elec—where, or to the West Coast o' Africay."

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